

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A WISE MAN COMES FROM THE EAST

NEW SECRET WON FROM NATURE

SOMETHING DARWIN NEVER DREAMED OF

Amazing Resemblance Between a Plant and a Human Being

PUTTING A TREE TO SLEEP

Our great Charles Darwin, in trying to find out whether a plant has greater sensitiveness and nervous activity than is generally supposed, would make one of his boys play a big bassoon, to see if the vibrations affected their nerves. "The little beggars are doing just as I want," he would gleefully exclaim as the leaves quivered and trembled under the influence of the vibrations.

Now Darwin's son, Sir Leonard Darwin, has followed up the great man's researches, and while Darwin the elder wrote over 30 years ago of the resemblance between the movements of plants and animals, the son has proved that plants feel and have memories. Yet neither father nor son could have dreamed to what length experiments along this line of reasoning would be carried on.

Indian's Wonderful Discovery

For it is now proved that plants can be anaesthetised, rendered unconscious by drugs, put to sleep like human beings. We knew that plants were subject to the influence of drugs, but something startling and novel has now been added to our knowledge on the subject. Drugs enable us to apply painless surgery to trees and plants!

We owe this astounding discovery to one of the greatest of botanists, the famous Indian scientist, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, the man who has proved plants to be receivers of wireless telegraphic messages, as described in these columns already, and invented the wonderful crescograph, which enables us to see plants actually grow.

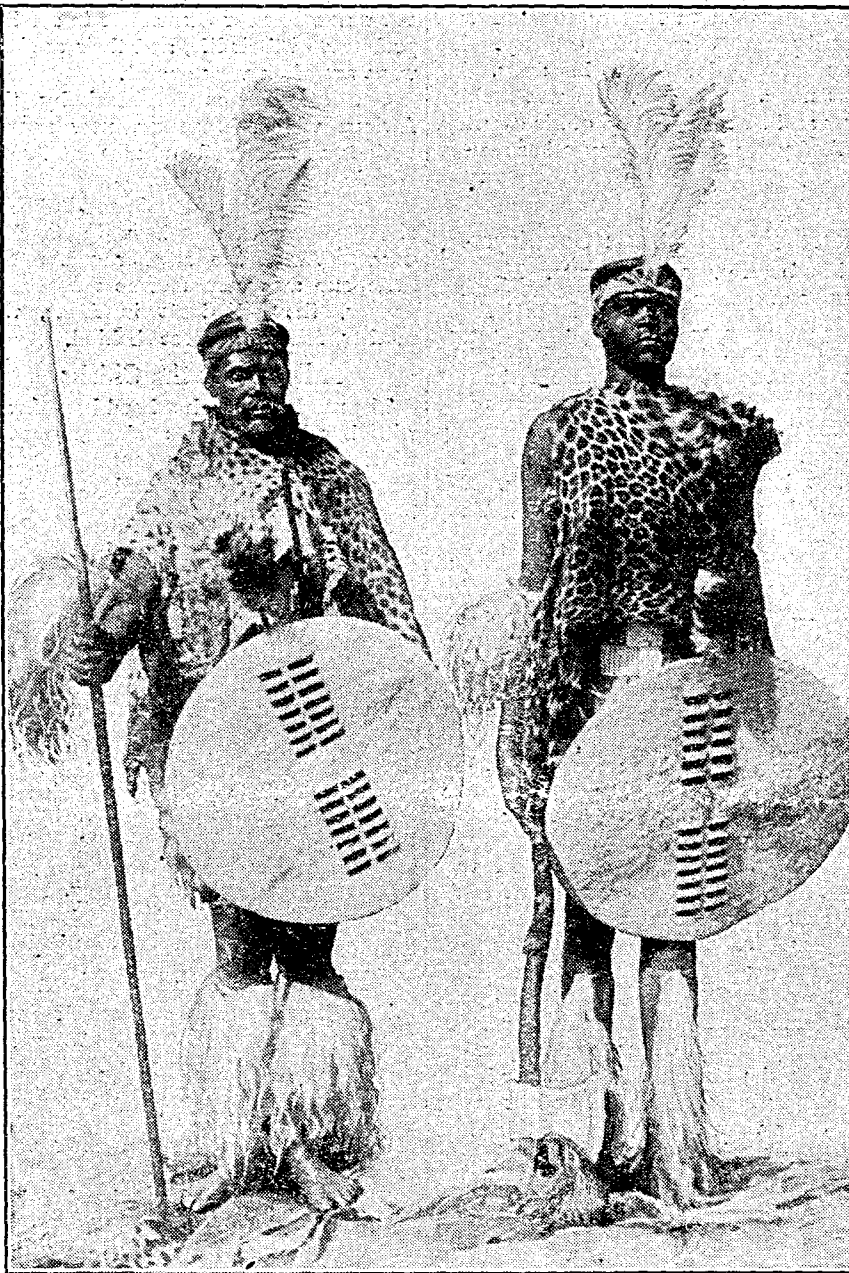
Dr. Bose has given his life to the study of sense in metals and plants, and he has no doubt that sensitiveness runs through the entire range of metals and plants, exactly as it runs through the animal kingdom. Even a metal, he says, has its moods; it has its ups and downs, it can be lifted up or depressed, it can be excited by stimulants, or it can be killed by poison.

Tree Wakes Up

Professor Bose has now proved that practically any tree or shrub, if put to sleep by a stupefying drug, can be safely dug up, carried away, and replanted. After being secured in its new position the tree slowly wakes up, and a strange thing happens. Most of our trees hibernate—they go to sleep in winter like bats, hedgehogs, frogs, and toads. Before doing so they shed their leaves.

Now, when a tree has been artificially put to sleep with drugs, it seems to realise that something untoward and

Zulu Chiefs who will Entertain Us



The Zulu Chiefs who will soon be seen all over the Kingdom in the new film of King Solomon's Mines

unnatural has happened, and it sheds its leaves in summer instead of in the autumn. This happens only after it is drugged into unconsciousness, and does not become a habit, for the effect of the strange experience passes, and the tree returns to its former habit.

That is altogether a most wonderful thing, revealing an unsuspected similarity between plant and animal processes. A drug renders a human being temporarily unconscious and inert, like a hibernating animal; a hibernating animal may be dropped into poisonous fluid and sustain no hurt; and a drugged tree can be dragged from its root-hold and replanted like a geranium cutting.

We can carry a torpid goldfish round the world frozen solid in ice, a mudfish sleeping like a tree in a clod of earth, and a tree, drugged like a hospital patient, from field to forest, from forest to garden, perhaps from land to land. We are peering into new realms of

knowledge here, perceiving astonishing harmony in the relations between plant life and animal life; and there is more to follow, for Sir Jagadis Bose has found that the tissues of plants pulsate like the hearts of animals.

He can stimulate a dying plant into renewed life, can send it to sleep, or can put it to death. As the living plant has the equivalent of an animal heart-beat, as it responds to stimulants, dies under poisons, sleeps under drugs, so, in its last struggle for life, it experiences a death-spasm, like any of the higher animals. Truly we live and learn!

Sir Jagadis Bose, the discoverer of this amazing truth about plants, is now in England, and a representative of the Children's Newspaper who called upon him was able to see plants growing on his table, and watch the movement of their growth as clearly as we watch the movement of a pendulum. We deal with the matter in the next column.

SEEING A PLANT GROW

INDIAN SCIENTIST'S FEAT

Watching the Growth from Moment to Moment

HOW IT IS DONE

The idea of Dr. Bose's crescograph, the invention by which we are able to see plants grow, and to study the remarkable new facts about plants that are explained on this page, is very simple.

A leaf or sprig is attached by a waxed thread to a long, magnetic needle, which is so delicately balanced that without the restraint of the thread the end would fall. Opposite the other end of the needle are two small upright magnets, and any movement of the needle will cause the magnets to rotate. At the back of the magnets is a small mirror, on to which a spot of light is thrown, and this is reflected on to a screen through a lens like that of a magic lantern.

Travelling Spot of Light

Now, when the plant grows, the end of the needle falls. The movement is so slight that it would not be perceptible through the most powerful microscope, but it is enough to make the little magnets swing, so moving a mirror on the back of them. Thus, as we watch the screen, we see a little spot of light travel to and fro across it, and that moving spot of life is the plant growing!

What has happened is that our perception of movement has been magnified a hundred million times beyond the power of any microscope. A hundred millions is a figure so vast that we can only grasp some idea of it by remembering that, were we to increase the speed of a snail to the same extent, it would travel four times round the globe in an hour.

This invention may affect every one of us, and it may be that our breakfast-table will bear witness to it within a year or two. For now the agriculturist has a certain means of finding out the best methods of food production.

Three Harvests a Year

To try the effect of a certain manure on corn, for instance, he will not need to wait a whole season, but can put the corn in this magnifying apparatus, add the manure, and the spot of light on the screen will tell him exactly the effect the manure is having on the plant. Sir Jagadis has found out already, by means of his apparatus, that what were considered deadly poisons for plants are, if given in tiny doses, excellent tonics.

Is it not possible that, as a result of experiments with this wonderful apparatus, we may have three harvests a year instead of one, and be able to grow food on what has hitherto been barren land? Never did a wizard produce such wonder from his cauldron as Dr. Bose from his laboratory. He has been for years among the greatest men of India. Now he has joined the immortals of the British Commonwealth.

DISCOVERIES

25-CENTURY SECRET FOUND

Romance of the Bronze Used
by Alexander

NEW USES OF ELECTRICITY

By a Scientific Expert

Twenty-five centuries ago Persian soldiers were armed with swords and spears made of a wonderful bronze, which could never be produced by the most skilled of modern metallurgists. This bronze was better, in some ways, than the finest steel made today.

A metallurgist named Samuel R. Dawson has now discovered the secret of the ancient bronze, which has been tested at the United States Navy Yard, near Brooklyn, and proves to be able to do just the things which the finest modern steels cannot do.

The Persian bronze, used at the battle of Marathon in 490 B.C., and now remade, polishes with the lustre and colour of gold; it does not corrode; it is harder than finest carbon tool-steel; yet it can be drawn out to a wire of incredible thinness. Trolley wheels made of it have run 30,000 miles with little sign of wear.

It is also being used for watch hair-springs; being non-magnetic and rust-proof, it is an ideal substitute for steel.

This is only one of very many instances where the ancients knew of chemical processes which for thousands of years have been lost, only to be rediscovered by the application of modern scientific methods. It makes even the scientist wonder whether our present-day knowledge is really new, or whether we are only learning secrets known and applied by ancient races, who must, of course, have arrived at them by very different methods.

FISHING BY TELEPHONE

Norwegian fishermen are adopting the telephone to warn them when great numbers of fish are about.

The submarine war has taught them the value of the telephone. A microphone, which in the ordinary way is called the mouthpiece, is lowered from a fishing boat, and connected by a wire with the listening instrument in the boat.

NEW WAY OF FINDING OIL

A new method has been invented for locating oil, which saves the enormous expense of drilling in all sorts of likely places which may not eventually yield.

The earth is a conductor of electricity, and a known electric current is passed through it from one spot to another in the region where oil is sought, and is carefully measured, so that the resistance of the earth between the two spots is found.

As oil-bearing deposits are bad conductors, the resistance will be great if oil is at hand, or small if not, and by this difference the presence of oil can be detected.

MYSTERY OF ELECTRIC SHOCKS

The electrified wire fences used during the war did not always kill intended victims, and a Continental scientist has recently discovered the reason. If a man expected a possible shock, and was prepared for it, it often proved quite harmless. It was the receiving of a shock unexpectedly that killed.

ICEBERG WARNINGS

Rays of heat can now be detected by means of a delicate electrical instrument known as a thermopile. Cold is only a comparative thing. A piece of ice feels cold because it is at a lower temperature than the hand that touches it, and the thermopile will record a drop in temperature just as it will a rise.

Thus, a new instrument has been invented, making use of a thermopile, which will enable the approach of an iceberg to be announced.

THE BLIND ADMIRAL

And His Tragic Book

HOW HE TEMPTED GERMAN TO HER DOOM

One of the most pathetic books ever written is called "My Memoirs," by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz.

To read this book is to understand the downfall of Germany. To read it carefully is to learn how we must behave if we wish to escape this fearful doom.

Tirpitz, as he reveals himself in this book, is not by any means a bad man.

He believed in loyalty to God and loyalty to his king and country. He was entirely devoted to his duty. He was not a self-seeker. He was seeking first and last the welfare of his country.

And yet, more than any other man in Germany, he worked his country's ruin. How and why was this?

Man Ashamed of His Countrymen

His book gives the answer. He saw, as a young sailor, that the Germans were disliked all over the world. He found Germans in foreign countries living as Englishmen or Swiss or Dutch, but never as Germans, changing their names and never making any allusion to Germany except in secret among themselves.

His heart burned within him. He was ashamed of his countrymen. They appeared to him to be craven, mean, and unpatriotic. Every year the children of Germany were being lost to her, going out as emigrants, working for other nations, increasing the greatness and glory of other countries.

Fleet that Frightened Men

Tirpitz said he would save Germany. He conceived the idea of colonies, and a mighty fleet to protect them.

Was this a crime? We read carefully. We see that beneath this ambition was a false and poisonous notion of true greatness. Tirpitz did not want other nations to love or honour Germany, but to fear her. And so his mighty fleet became gradually a terror to mankind and a menace to the peace of the world. It became something more dangerous to Germany herself. *It became a temptation.*

With the lunatic Kaiser at her head, Germany believed herself at last to be mightier than England, mightier than all the nations of the earth; and to get the respect of the world she went to war and lost everything.

Tragedy of a Mistake

Now poor Admiral Tirpitz weeps over the downfall of his country. It was not his fault! If he could have had his way Germany would be master of the earth! His fleet was not used properly, he says!

It is a tragedy that he cannot see, even in the light of his country's ruin, that the way to win the respect of the world is first to earn its confidence, and then to walk modestly through life, seeking, not to show how strong you are or how clever, but how you can best help others to the things which make for the real enrichment of life.

When Tirpitz wrote this book he was blind. Truth stared him in the face, but he could not see it: Germany must be born again before she can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

BURIED SHELL RINGS A BELL

Buried shells in France are being found by means of an ingenious instrument worn round the waist. The wearer has metal on his boots connected with the instrument, and when he steps over a shell a bell rings.

NATURE MADE EASY

Little Lectures in Museums

QUAINT WAYS OF LIFE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

By a Museum Correspondent

One of our museum correspondents sends us these notes of animals and birds on which talks are being given at South Kensington now.

Every day visitors to the Natural History Museum may attend the guide's lectures, and there is no more interesting way of spending an hour in London.

Like some human beings, there are animals which seem to have struck out a new line for themselves in solving problems of their life, and their original ways are often very quaint.

One example is furnished by the African white rhinoceros, now nearly extinct, which can be studied at South Kensington. All rhinoceroses use their horns for attack and defence, but this one also employs its horn in another way. When the mother takes her little one away from some threatened danger, the calf trots in front, the mother following close behind.

A Drink for the Chicks

The mother keeps her head bent down with her larger horn against the calf, which is guided by gentle pressure on this side or that, and sometimes hastened by a little poke as well.

Mr. F. C. Selous, who observed this droll proceeding, says that he never saw the little calf break away, and that, however much their path might wind about, the animals always kept their places, one behind the other.

Many instances occur among birds. The sand-grouse are beautiful brown birds, rather smaller than pigeons. They nest in the drier regions of South-western Asia and Africa. They are the only birds which bring water to their young to drink. This is accomplished by a parent bird getting its plumage soaked in water, flying back to the nest, and letting the chicks suck the water off the feathers. When water itself cannot be obtained, mud is made use of in the same fashion.

Putting His Wife in Prison

But the hornbills are much more curious than any of these. They are fairly large birds living in Africa and India. Their appearance is strange—great horny helmets, or feather-plumes, and enormous beaks—but their ways are stranger still.

The cock-bird drives the hen-bird into the hollow of the tree where the nest has been built, and then plasters up the crevice with mud and dung, leaving only a narrow slit through which her beak can protrude. There she has to stay until the chicks are ready to fly, and all this time he has to bring food to her. To do this, he begins by taking his own food and then swallows hers! The effect of this second meal is to cause a thin membrane to contract from the wall of his crop and surround her food, thus making it like a little pudding in a very thin pudding-cloth. Then he goes to the slit in the tree, gives a little cough, and lo! she has got her food. As she thus gets half-digested food, she does not suffer from indigestion, although she cannot obtain any exercise.

The Friendly Neighbours

What would happen if the cock-bird were killed? She cannot get free without his help; must she starve, then? No, for the other cock hornbills living near will bring her food; and they will liberate her, too, from her prison when the time comes.

These, and other animals with quite as wonderful ways, can be seen at the Natural History Museum, and heard about, also, in daily lectures there. J.H.L.

NAMES EVERLASTING

SOMETHING IN A NAME, AFTER ALL

Old Vasari and What He Did MEN WHOSE WORK LIVES AFTER THEM

"What's in a name?" asks Shakespeare; and many of us have been puzzled, perhaps, to read that the Vasari Society is to begin work again. What ever can Vasari mean?

Well, it means something with distinction and pride and history and human achievement in it.

Giorgio Vasari was born over 400 years ago, and, though people may live and die without even hearing his name, yet every school child, every adult, is this man's debtor.

He was a painter who had Michael Angelo for a master, yet he left no work from his brush which can be called masterly. He sacrificed the possibility of greatness in himself by celebrating for ever the greatness of others; for he wrote the lives of the great Italian painters, sculptors, and architects, and nearly all we know about those giants of old came from the pen of Giorgio Vasari.

Art Near to All

Our Vasari Society in London perpetuates the fame of this man who recorded the achievements of others, and by publishing rare works it carries on Vasari's work of making art near and dear to all who will.

It is surprising to realise how many societies exist under the names of men. The printing trades have Caxton, first of English printers, for their head; lovers of old poetry call themselves after Chaucer; Linnaeus, who first grappled scientifically with the great task of classifying plants and animals, was the inspiration of our Linnean Society.

Dante, who gave Italy her poetry and fixed her literary language, has his society in London. Old Hakluyt, who did for the fame of our early explorers what Vasari did for Italian artists, animates the Hakluyt Society.

Faraday's work goes on in the society which bears his name; the achievements of John Hunter, the mighty surgeon, are commemorated by diligent enthusiasts in the Hunterian Society. Howard, the prison reformer, has a society called by his name; and the friend of little children, of the poor and outcast, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, lives on immortal in the society which bears the name of Shaftesbury.

There may be little or much in a name, but these names are immortal because of the things their owners attempted and accomplished. Our best wishes to the Vasari Society.

BELGIAN VICTORY STAMP

The Work of a Heroic Artist

Belgium is issuing stamps to commemorate the Victory. The designer, M. Jean de Bast, was a member of the Belgian Secret Service, and used his skill in producing forged passports and certificates for his colleagues.

He also helped to illustrate one of the Belgian newspapers which were published secretly, in spite of all the Germans could do to suppress them; and in one of his illustrations he had the audacity to include his initials, concealed in the details of the ornamentation. This piece of daring might well have cost him his life, but he has survived to give his country stamps which are a worthy memento of her part in the war.

ZANZIBAR SOAP

Zanzibar has a new industry. Over two hundred tons of soap are being manufactured monthly there. It is made from coco-nut and sim-sim oil, which until quite recently was all pressed out by mills worked by camels.

News of the Animal World—Life in the Realm of Our Dumb Friends

As Seen by the Children's Newspaper Correspondents in all Parts of the United Kingdom

We give with much pleasure another selection of stories told by our readers from their observations of life in the animal kingdom.

THE ANTS THINK IT OUT

A Teddington reader sends the following: Recently, at a house in Ilford, I noticed ants running in and out of a small hole under a step, and, looking closer, saw they were taking a rather large moth to the hole.

It was much too large to go in, and they turned it round and round, and pushed and pulled, but could not get it into the hole. Finally, they drew off and seemed to have a consultation. Then they went to the moth again, and cut it into sections. Soon the wings were cut off, and the body, cut into pieces, was carried into the hole easily.

There must have been some method of communication, and a certain use of reasoning power.

AN EEL OUT OF BOUNDS

Writing from Bradford a correspondent relates a curious incident.

Last week the workmen in the dyeing department of a factory wished to close a valve on a water softening delivery pipe, but found it impossible. When the valve was taken to pieces an eel measuring 34 inches was found inside.

It had no doubt been drawn into the pipe by the suction of the water till it met its death in the valve.

It seems that a batch of young eels was put in the dam connected with the softening plant about twenty years ago, and an old watchman at the works says this is the first he has seen caught.

BATTLE INSIDE A PEAR

A Colwyn Bay schoolboy describes a fight he saw in a tree.

We live at Redditch and have a huge pear tree that bore well this year. When my father and I began to pick the pears we were troubled by wasps.

There are always swarms of them about the pears that fall on the ground, and also about those still on the tree.

As I was picking half-way up, a wasp fell down almost on my nose, and then flew up. I looked after it, and saw it go into a half-eaten pear on the tree. Immediately it landed inside it fell down again. I then watched more carefully, and saw a sort of free fight going on inside the pear.

One wasp, it appeared, had possession, and was challenging all comers to turn it out. The moment a wasp landed on the pear it was rolled to the side and thrown over.

At last three attacked at once. One was thrust out, but the second got a tight grip, and down both fell and ended their lives at the bottom of the tree.

A DAYLIGHT BAT

A reader at Brundall, in Norfolk, writes:

There is a bat here which flies about every morning at half-past eleven. I think it is a different kind from the rest, or it may be able to see in the daylight.

TORTOISE COMES FOR BUTTERCUPS

A reader writes from Halstead, in Essex:

I have a tortoise named Jacky. Last summer I was sitting on the grass with my sunbonnet on and began to walk backward on my knees, when suddenly I found Jacky running after the string of the bonnet.

He comes as fast as he can when he sees me coming with some buttercups.

THE RABBIT'S VISITOR

A Sussex reader, who has a clever cat that opens windows and doors, says:

I also have a white rabbit of whom the cat is very fond. She cleans him, and if I put the hutch on the ground she goes in, and she and bunny lie down together in the friendliest way.

A TAME MINNOW

A Weymouth reader tells how a fish learns by experience.

I caught a minnow last summer and kept it in a glass jam-pot. I used to feed it on porridge every morning.

Directly I came near it would swim to the top of the water, and pull the porridge off my hand as soon as I put it in the water.

Whenever I was doing anything near the jam-pot, it at once became greatly interested, and would swim to the front of the pot to look, and if I put anything against the glass it would try to swim through and eat it.

THE LONELY LAMB

A Dorking boy writes about shepherding. The most interesting point relates to the sheep who become foster-mothers. He says:

Most of the sheep on the Downs have two lambs, but some lose them at birth. Then the skins are taken from the dead lambs, and placed on the weakest of the twins of another sheep, the lamb so covered being given to the ewe that has lost its lambs.

As soon as the ewe smells the skins of its own little lambs it will take kindly to the living lamb as a foster child, and these single lambs, reared by a foster mother, are generally the best in the flock, and fatten the quickest.

DOGS

HIDE AND SEEK

A County Dublin boy writes:

I once had a dog to whom, as he grew up from a pup, I taught many tricks and games. One of the games was hide and seek.

When I wished to hide, I ordered him to lie down in some place where he could not see me. After I had concealed myself I would whistle for him, and he would come out and search for me. If he could not find me he became very much distressed.

A VERY POLITE DOG

A little man of nine years old from Wimbledon describes his dog:

At dinner-time Rex will bark for "Please," and if you hold his fore-paw over his nose will close his eyes and say his grace. After dinner he comes and says "Thank you" by licking you.

He brings his dish or plate, and says "Please" for more, and when he has finished takes his plate to be washed.

MICE

THE MOUSE AND THE BOTTLE

This story comes from near Stoke-on-Trent. There are similar records of rats, but we have not heard of mice being equally clever.

Last week our next-door neighbour's boy ran in and said, "Oh, come and look in our tool shed!" So I followed him, and on the bench in the shed was a bottle of oil and a mouse drinking it. We watched it through the window. After a time the mouse could not reach the oil; then it dipped its tail in, and when it was soaked it pulled it out and licked it, and continued for some time.

WISE MICE

A Harrogate boy describes how the mice are driven into the house by the cold weather, and seek warmth and shelter near the fire. They are, he says, wise enough to know the warmest place, and too wise to be caught.

A MOUSE FOR THE CHILDREN

A schoolboy of Rhiwfawr, Glamorgan, describes how repeatedly their old mother cat has brought a live mouse into the kitchen for its kitten to kill and eat, evidently training it as a mouser.

THE TWELVE MICE

A reader at St. Boswells sends this story to prove the intelligence of the mouse.

While one of my mice was occupying a box with seven young ones, another mouse had five young ones. Till I got another large box I put both the mothers and their young ones, each in a nesting box inside a large box, hoping they would agree.

The next morning I found that the five young ones had been carried from their own box into that of the seven young ones, and both mothers were looking after the twelve.

This method of theirs had the advantage that the young ones were never alone, for, while one mother was feeding, the other was looking after the nest.

A SINGING MOUSE

We are indebted to a North London correspondent for the following account of that rare but genuine curiosity, a singing mouse.

When I was a boy, while we were sitting at home one night and all was quiet, a little mouse that appeared to be uncommonly tame came running round the room, singing beautifully, exactly the notes of a canary.

He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself, jumping on and off the skirting, which was low and flat on the top, while we watched him spellbound. He was very small—not much more than half the size of some mice.

His antics went on for some days till my mother found a mouse-trap that would catch a mouse alive without injury.

We baited this with cheese, but it had no attraction for the mouse, so we tried a piece of cake, and at last caught him.

As soon as the door had dropped and he knew he was caught he sang louder than ever, and seemed vexed that he was a prisoner.

We bought a dormouse cage with a square box for him to sleep in, and a barrel-shaped wired cage, made to revolve on pivots at the two ends; and the mouse turned the barrel by running on the inside.

He enjoyed this running wheel immensely, singing all the time like a canary's song—the chou-chou and the long trill exactly.

We kept him six months, and when he died, in spite of careful nursing, it was to our great sorrow.

We had him stuffed and preserved under a glass shade, and he is still kept by one of my daughters.

DONKEYS

THE ASS THAT OPENED THE GATE

A Salford boy tells a story of the superior intelligence of the donkey.

An ass and a horse were put to graze in the same field near a garden where carrots were growing. Every night the ass opened the garden gate by lifting the latch and let the horse in.

The farmer caught the ass doing this, and separated it from the horse, and since then the horse has never found its way into the garden.

THE SENTIMENTAL DONKEY

A Gloucester lad writes:

Two or three years ago my mother bought me a donkey named Betty.

If my mother went to Betty when she was standing in the snow, and said to her in a pitiful way: "Did nobody love her, then, poor thing?" she would put her head on one side and say, "Hee-haw!" as if she were answering mother.

Once, when my little brother was feeding Betty with potatoes, she accidentally bit his finger, and he cried. Betty quite understood what she had done, and put her head on one side and looked very concerned.

CATS

A CAT'S TOY CAT

A reader at Palmer's Green sends these observations of the ways of cats:

From kittenhood, when given a basin of bread-and-milk, our cat began with a few laps, and then, in spite of frequent scoldings, ladled out the bread with his right paw.

This he has continued to do ever since, and in the same way he will clean out salmon tins and potted meat jars.

He is very fond of a small toy cat, and nearly every night he gets it out of the bottom of a cupboard, mews round it, and finishes up by licking it vigorously.

When he is alone at any time he will fetch this toy and purr over it. On

many occasions he has carried it up to me and dropped it at my feet. Now and then I have thrown it down the stairs, and then he will fetch it.

On washing days he knows the copper is warm, and after washing is over he will hardly wait for it to be dry before he slides down the sides and settles down comfortably for six or more hours' rest.

DOES THE CAT KNOW?

A Norwich correspondent gives an illustration of animal knowledge of time.

Every Wednesday a woman comes to our house to wash, and our cat is very much frightened of her. Every morning, except Wednesday, the cat is sitting on the doorstep, mewing to come in; but on Wednesday he does not come till the woman has gone home at night.

Does this mean that the cat knows the washing day?

EXPERIENCE MAKES A CAT WISE

Writing from near Liverpool, a reader tells how cats learn from experience.

We had a kitten that went into the ashes and got burned twice. After that she kept away from the ashes carefully, and sat on a stool in front of the fire. But in the evening, when the fire was out, she would go into the ashes again.

BIRDS

THE DOVES WHO CAME BACK

Daphne Lloyd-Davis, of Brewood, Staffordshire, sends this account of two turtledoves.

My father took two doves from the nest when they were quite young, and they were brought up by hand and kept in a cage through the winter.

When migration time came they were very restless, but soon settled down, and my mother was proud of keeping them safely through captivity and cold.

When spring came we gave them their freedom, thinking we had seen the last of them; but next year they returned and built a nest in the orchard at the back of our house, and one of them came in the scullery where their old cage was.

A KNOWING ROBIN

A Surbiton reader describes an unusually tame robin.

With perfect confidence she would come into the dining-room, perch on the back of the same chair, fly on the table, and pick up crumbs there.

She knew her way about the house upstairs and downstairs, and never became alarmed, but delighted in company and loved us to talk to her, answering with a most expressive chirrup.

She would come at once when called by the name of Jimmie, and when she saw you on the drawing-room side of the house, where there was no food, she would lead the way round to the dining-room window, where she knew she would always get something.

CANARY'S CHOICE OF A FRIEND

A correspondent writing from the neighbourhood of Manchester, describes an intelligent canary.

He is very affectionate to my father, and even if he cannot see him he will, on hearing father's voice, cease his merry trilling and change it to a continuous chirping till father plays with him.

At tea our pet enjoys a few seeds spread beside father's plate, and if these are not there he will fly in close circles round our heads till his meal is served.

CHICKENS IN THE PIGEON COTE

A Cape Town reader forwards a story of a chicken brood reared by a pigeon.

A little while ago we had ten chicks which the old hen would not mother at all, so we put them in our pigeon cage, and there one of the pigeons began to act as mother, picking out little bits of corn for them, and nestling them under her wings at night.

The pigeon would not go up to its own nest, but stayed in the box on the ground with the chicks. When we called them the pigeon would come too.

Now we have a fine brood of pigeon-reared chicks, six weeks old.

THE WORLD CLOCK

WHAT TIME IS IT AT THE NORTH POLE?

The Wave of Silence

HOW IT PASSED ROUND THE WORLD

Two odd points are raised by readers concerning world-time shown on our map.

A very interesting question is raised concerning the date-line showing where each day begins, and the meridian lines, joining places that have the same time.

The question is this: If everyone had dinner at midday, and everyone living on the same meridian had dinner at the same time, as all lines meet at the North Pole, would it always be dinner-time there?

This curious paradox may be put in another way. As it is midday on the meridian of Greenwich when it is midnight on the 180th meridian on the other side of the world, and both meet at the North Pole, then it must be midday and midnight at the same time at the Pole.

Drawing a Meridian

In examining this interesting question we must remember how a meridian line is arrived at. If a rod be stuck upright in the level ground, and we watch till the sun casts the shortest shadow of it, a line drawn through this shadow and continued in both directions would lead to the North and South Poles, and if continued still farther would form a circle round the globe. Such a line is called a meridian, or Midday Line.

Now, civilised nations have agreed for convenience to recognise 24 standard meridians, beginning with that of Greenwich and counting towards the East. The time of each is one hour behind that of the next meridian to the East, and one hour in advance of the next meridian to the West. Each meridian is thus the mid-line of a zone 15 degrees of longitude in width, because 24 times 15 make up the 360 degrees into which the earth is divided.

These 24 lines give the standard times for the whole world, as shown on the clocks at the top of the world-map.

All Times at One Time

Now, as all these meridians meet at the Poles, it would naturally be all times at once there. But as each Pole has practically six months daylight and six months darkness, there is no such thing as daily time in the ordinary sense.

What would happen to anybody who might live at the North Pole would be that he would have to decide on some particular meridian, say that of Greenwich, set his clock by that, and tell the time by his clock for the 24 hours each day without reference to the sun's position in the sky.

Concerning our paragraph about the wave of silence throughout the Empire, an esteemed correspondent points out that, while a wave of silence passed around the world in memory of the dead on Armistice Day, the wave could not actually be regarded as continuous, but would be observed in belts with intervals between, owing to time being reckoned for convenience in zones 15 degrees wide.

The Two Minutes Wait

The earth moves through these 15 degrees in one hour, and throughout the whole of a 15-degrees zone the time of silence would be the same, and would occupy two minutes. There would then be a 58 minutes wait before the next zone was reached and the signal given for its two minutes of silent thought, and so on, round the earth's circumference.

While it is true, therefore, that the natural time-table would show a continuous two-minutes silence somewhere in the British Empire throughout the whole day, in practice there would be 24 celebrations in 24 hours, each celebration occupying two minutes, followed by 58 minutes resumption of sound till the next zone was reached.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



The German universities now propose to grant degrees for efficiency in labour.

Sixteen hundred sheep have been lately killed by a heavy rainstorm in New South Wales.

The Mean Thief Again

A truckload of £700 worth of chocolate, on its way to our soldiers in Cologne, has been stolen.

Twenty-Four Million Rabbits

There are 24 million rabbits in cold storage in Sydney, most of them bought by the British Government.

Not Worth It

It would take 120 years, without sleep or meals, to read through all the books on Napoleon now in the British Museum.

The Confectioner's Way

A London confectioner has put a notice in his shop window: "I have served my country; may I serve you?"

Electric Motor Cycle

The first motor cycle to be driven by electricity has just been tested. It runs 24 miles before needing to be recharged.

British Seas Now Clear of Mines

British seas have now been cleared of mines, the mine-sweepers having thoroughly examined nearly 60,000 square miles.

Who Will Lay the Bricks?

Before the war there were 900,000 men employed in the building trade; now there are only 650,000. A great brick-laying army is wanted.

Detecting Substitutes

The Government chemist and his staff analysed 184,392 samples during last year, including 19 smoking mixtures which contained no tobacco at all!

Make-Up of an Airship

There are twenty thousand different parts in a rigid airship, apart from its machinery, with over twenty miles of material, sixty miles of wire, and two million rivets.

"All To Her"

An officer's will written on the back of a lady's photograph consisted of the five words: "I leave all to her," with his signature and the date. It is the shortest will on record.

Cold Storage

The preservation of food in cold storage is becoming a world-wide question, and an International Congress on Cold Storage has been held in Paris, with 82 delegates from 22 countries.

Man as a Plug

A Cornish trawler having run on the rocks and sprung a leak, one of the fishermen placed his body in the hole and remained there for four hours until the boat could be taken safely into harbour.

Keeping Out Plague

Plague and other diseases are often brought to London on ships, but the excellent health organisation prevents these spreading. Now the authorities are concerned as to the possibilities of disease being introduced by air routes.

All About a Brick

Broadstone Church, in Dorset, could not be made warm, and three experts were called in without result. A churchwarden then examined the heating arrangements, and found that a brick had lodged in the chimney, preventing a proper draught!

Why Wireless Messages Cost So Much

Wireless telegrams from ship to shore cost tenpence halfpenny a word, of which the ship has twopence, the Marconi Company twopence, and the Post Office a halfpenny for inland transmission. The Post Office takes sixpence for simply receiving the message.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Certiorari	Ser-tee-o-rar-ee
Hakluyt	Hak-loot
Luigi	Loo-ee-jee
Selous	Sel-oo
Sinn Fein	Shin Fane

CHEMICAL MAGIC

Mystery of a Hundred Fortunes

ACCIDENT THAT LED TO GREAT RESULTS

A mysterious thing is happening in many of our great industries today which produces wonderful results affecting our daily lives; and many important articles are being made with its help.

This mysterious thing is known to chemists as a catalyst. One of the curious things in chemistry is that the mere presence of a trace of certain chemical substances will cause immense quantities of other chemicals to combine, or to act upon each other, and so produce new substances.

Suppose you were to put hundreds of turnips and hundreds of potatoes into a large tub, and add a pinch of salt; and the turnips and potatoes combined together to form hundreds of beautiful peaches. This, of course, does not happen, but if it did the salt could be termed a catalyst.

Useful Work of a Metal

For a hundred years chemists have been trying to turn liquid fats and oils into hard fats or grease, for making soap and candles, by making them combine with hydrogen gas. The presence of a sprinkling of finely-powdered nickel has enabled this to be done. Nickel, that is to say, is the mysterious catalyst which has enabled this important problem to be solved, with the result that enormous quantities of palm oil and various nut oils are being so used, and huge tracts of land are now being cultivated in tropical countries for growing still greater quantities of vegetable oils, as the world's demands for margarine, soap, and candles increase every day.

Dead Thing that Needs a Rest

Synthetic indigo is made largely through the help of another catalyst—a salt of mercury—the effect of which was discovered through an accident. A chemist making indigo dropped a thermometer into the vessel in which the mixture was contained, and the mercury from its bulb caused the indigo to be formed. The magic of the catalyst had thus solved a difficult problem and made a fortune.

The mysterious catalyst is creeping into hundreds of industries, and is becoming one of the most powerful factors in modern chemistry. It is as yet hardly understood, although millions of pounds' worth of material are produced every year by catalytic effects. As time goes on, we shall see the word catalyst constantly referred to.

One interesting thing about the catalyst is that, although it is responsible for the effects it produces, it generally remains unaltered throughout; all that happens to it is that it may become fatigued, and want resting.

QUESTION TIME

Do You Know These Things?

As knowledge grows it gets more and more difficult to keep pace with it. How many of these questions, for instance, can you answer?

- Where were bells first used?
- Does an ostrich bury its head?
- Where is Sir Francis Drake's grave?
- How long can a camel go without water?
- Do porcupines fire their quills?
- Where is the sun going?
- Where is the world's largest cave?
- Does electric light help a plant to grow?
- Where can you travel 200 miles underground?

The answers to all these questions are given in My Magazine for February, which lies on the bookstall side by side with the Children's Newspaper, and is full of the most interesting articles, beautifully illustrated.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

FINE FUNERAL FOR A STARVED POET

Queer Man Who Wrote "Alice"

THE GREATEST HISTORY IN ENGLISH

- Jan. 11. Charing Cross Railway Station opened 1864
- 12. Edmund Burke born at Dublin 1729
- 13. Edmund Spenser died at Westminster . . 1599
- 14. Lewis Carroll died at Gaildord 1893
- 15. British Museum first opened 1759
- 16. Edward Gibbon died in London 1791
- 17. Benjamin Franklin born at Boston 1706

Edmund Spenser

EDMUND SPENSER, the poet's poet, as he has been called, because his "Faery Queen" has so strongly influenced poets, had a disappointing life, largely spent in exile.

He had every qualification for a place at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and he was a friend of her favourites, Sidney, Raleigh, Leicester, and Essex. His great poem was an allegory written partly in honour of the Queen.

Yet he never made good his footing as a courtier, but was kept in Ireland, with only occasional visits to the scenes and friends of his heart's love.

Finally he was driven from Ireland by rebellion, barely escaping with his life, and he died at Westminster, very poor, even, it has been said, "for lack of bread," before his Court friends found how greatly he was in need.

Then they gave him a fine funeral in Westminster Abbey, and the poets of his day gathered round, and, in sign of his mastership, *threw their pens into his grave*. By his "Faery Queen" and other poems he will always live in men's minds, but it is sad that his own generation did not reward him with greater happiness.

Lewis Carroll

LEWIS CARROLL, the immortal author of "Alice in Wonderland," was a most tantalising man. He was everything you would not imagine him to be.

First, his name was not a pretty name like Lewis Carroll, but Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Then, though he wrote the quaintest of children's imaginative books, he was a clergyman, and looked serious.

Also, he was a fine mathematical scholar, and wrote hard books on the dullest subjects, such as euclid and trigonometry, books of exactly the kind one would think it impossible for the author of "The Hunting of the Snark" to understand.

Really, however, Lewis Carroll was his best self when he was Lewis Carroll, and gathered children about him to weave for them nonsense rhymes and fanciful stories. Then he was delightful, and not in the least like the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, his other self.

Edward Gibbon

EDWARD GIBBON wrote the biggest book of history in the English language, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." For nineteen years it absorbed all his energies; and no wonder, for it told the story of a large part of mankind for 1300 years.

The learning displayed in it is immense. The style is stately, like a great ceremonial performance. When it was published in 1788 it was a subject of national pride, and it so remains, our most magnificent prose work.

He was inspired to write it one day as he watched the swinging of a pendulum in Rome, which reminded him of the passing of time through the centuries while Rome rose and fell.

Gibbon wrote his own life, but had very little to tell. He was always well off. His most active work was as a militia captain. As a member of Parliament, though he held office, he never spoke. What he did was to write his history in the spirit of a solemn task; and though it sounds like a deep-voiced chant it is a task to read it.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO IRELAND—WILL IT BRING PEACE TO THE EMERALD ISLE?

All the English-speaking world hopes that Ireland will have a Happy New Year, and that 1920 will bring Peace with it for this much-troubled little land.

The Government has drawn up a scheme for solving the Home Rule problem which has been for so long the great trouble in Ireland, and it is generally agreed that the Government plan is the best yet devised. Briefly, it proposes that there should be two parliaments—one for each of the two great sections of the population.

This safeguards Ulster from any fear of unjust treatment by the majority parliament. There would be a Council to link the two parliaments, and at any time they like the separate parliaments can form one body.

The Distressful Daughter

Everybody hopes that this scheme, which safeguards imperial interests and prevents injustice towards any section of the community, will be carried through. No news would give greater joy to America and the whole British Commonwealth than the news that Ireland was happy, friendly, and prosperous. She has been too long the distressful daughter in our family. Let us see what her troubles have been.

The aim of good government everywhere is that people may be able to live happily without harming others. If more injury than advantage can be foreseen from any change of government, that change ought not to be made.

Here is an illustration. Nearly sixty years ago a number of the States of the American Republic wished to break away from the rest and form themselves into a new Republic, because they wanted to keep their negro population in slavery. The Northern States refused

to allow it. A terrible civil war followed; the Southern States were defeated, the Republic remained undivided, and slavery was abolished. Everyone now agrees that the North was right.

So that, though self-government is sound as a general principle, it must be judged by its probable consequences. It is self-government the Irish want.

Some would say they have it now, for they send a larger number of members to our free parliament in proportion to population than any other part of the United Kingdom. Further, Ireland, a poor country, with few manufactures and little mineral wealth, has the advantage of joining in the government of the world-wide British Empire, with openings for all her clever sons, and British wealth has been freely spent in promoting her prosperity.

Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, very large numbers of Irishmen desire to cut the ties that bind them to us, and to be a Republic. How is that feeling possible?

Cruel Government

The answer is that Ireland was badly and cruelly governed by England in the distant days when government was bad in most countries, and she has never forgotten it. Looking back now we make allowances, knowing how far all peoples were from freedom. But the Irish attribute their troubles solely to the English, and an unreasoning legend of hatred has grown up.

This historic hatred has been continually fed and nursed, and though two generations of English people have been eager to remove all Irish wrongs, the good feeling shown in trying to make amends for the past is not returned by the average Irishman.

Now let us see how all this acts in Ireland when the government of the country has to be settled afresh. There are four distinct groups of Irish people, and when we ask, How should Ireland be governed? the question means—How can these groups be reconciled?

The Four Groups

1. Over the greater part of the country is a very large number, probably a considerable majority of the whole people, who follow the traditional feeling and hate the English because they have been taught to hate them. They make no return of good feeling for the good feeling shown towards them. Their motto is the entirely selfish one "We ourselves." That is what Sinn Fein means. They wish to see Ireland a Republic, separated from the British Empire, and hostile to it.

2. Scattered through the country in considerable numbers are thoughtful Irishmen who see the advantages of a connection with the great Empire Ireland has helped to form, and appreciate the desire of the British people to be just and helpful in dealing with the island kingdom. They would like to see Ireland have self-government as a part of the Empire.

3. There is a minority, more thinly scattered, who are loyal to the flag, and look at politics from the point of view of the Empire as a whole rather than of Ireland specially. They expect, in return, protection and sympathy.

4. The important and comparatively wealthy industrial part of Ulster, largely Protestant, is intensely loyal to the Mother Country, and protests passionately against being separated from the British Empire or from the rest of Ireland.

If these groups cannot be reconciled, which people should be governed against their own wishes? What course can be followed that will be best for Ireland in the end and for the peace and welfare of the world? Can Great Britain give up those who are proud of the Empire, wish to remain in it, and look to it for protection and loyal friendship? Would it benefit anybody to have a hostile Republic close to our shores, interposed between our island home and the oceans that carry our vital commerce, a lurking place for enemies, invited by those who cherish hatred against us.

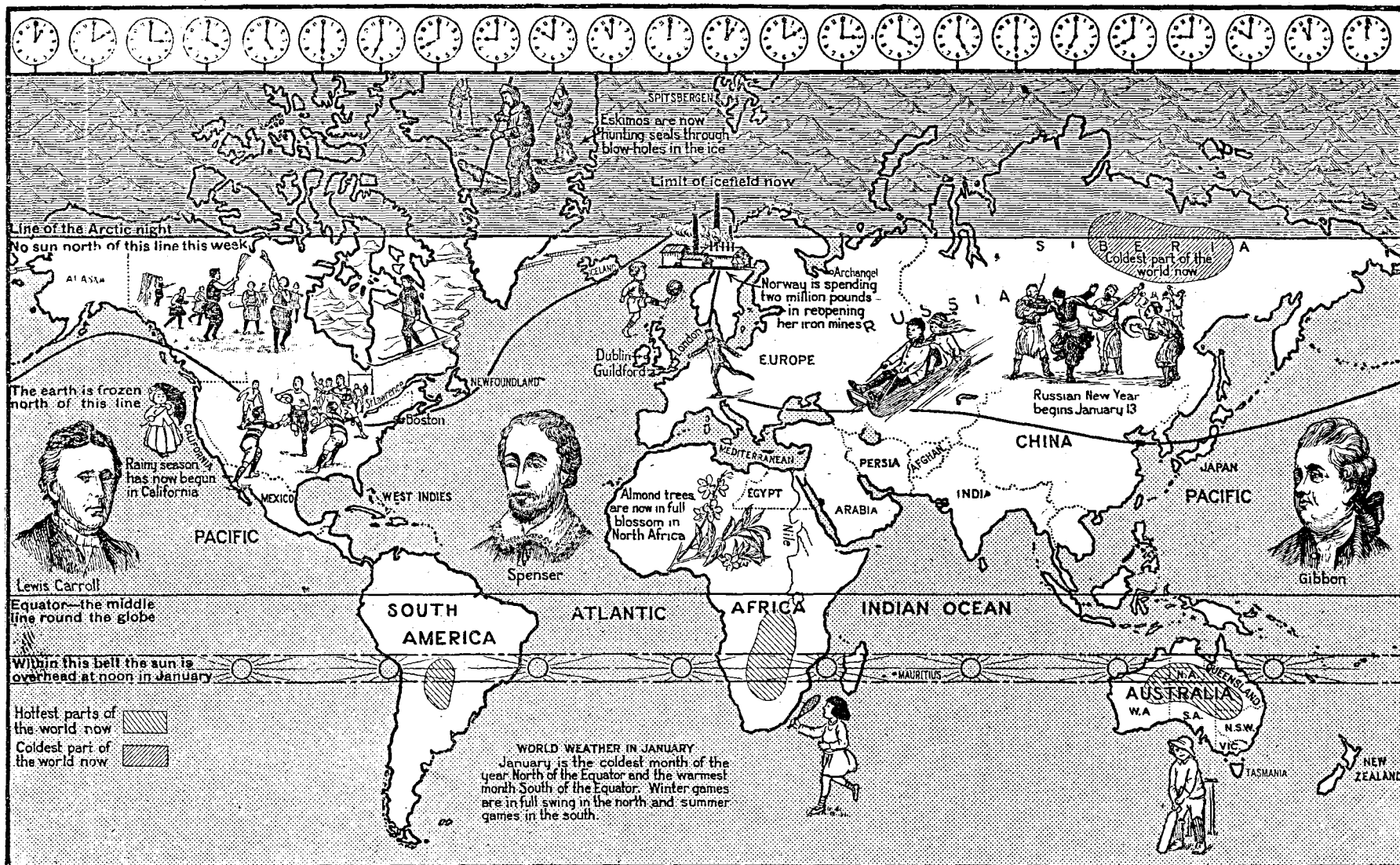
In making up our minds, a feature of the case that should not be lost sight of is that a vast majority of the people of the British Empire overseas favour some form of Home Rule. They will not admit that, with all our experience as a successful governing nation, we cannot devise a scheme for Ireland.

The Gospel of Hate

Perhaps it may be that they do not see so clearly as we do that Ireland's geographical place in the world has made the Irish problem different from all other Empire problems. The Dominions are so placed that they cannot be thought of as enemies of the Motherland. They cannot and would not harm her. On the other hand, she is their willing and powerful protector against outside foes.

But Ireland might conceivably harm England, because of her geographical position; and it is a tragic truth that, partly through our own fault and partly not, great numbers of her race have been brought up to look upon England as their national enemy.

Whatever settlement is reached it must be one that secures the assent of thoughtful men throughout the Empire.



PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING WHERE IT IS SUMMER AND WHERE IT IS WINTER

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 10 1920

Every Child a Millionaire

Mr. Rockefeller has given twenty million pounds to be spent for the good of mankind

PERHAPS you have never compared your wealth with Mr. Rockefeller's, but these millions of his that go rolling away, healing the sick, educating the ignorant, and making the world a happier place, are nothing compared with the wealth of those of-us who read this paper.

Mr. Rockefeller's money is poor beside our wealth. He can count his sovereigns; his bankers can tell him any day how much he has to spend. But who can measure the wealth that Nature gives us all? True millionaires are we, and how are we spending our millions?

What do you do with your millions of minutes, more precious than dollars and gold? The world has no esteem for a man who wastes a million pounds, but it is worse to waste a million minutes. Imagine the long, long roll of millionaires of time; every street and school and house and workshop has them, millionaires in these precious, priceless minutes as they pass.

Think of a minute and all it may mean. You may make yourself immortal in it; you may give the world some great idea, invent some new thing, discover some great piece of knowledge, lift up some sad heart; or you may throw it away as if it were nothing, wasting this time which is the very gold of the world; or you may do even worse than that—you may use it meanly and ignobly, sowing the seed of misery and ruin through many lives.

So precious is this golden coin of Time, the fleeting minute, and we have millions of them; millions upon millions Time pays into our bank for us to use wisely and spend well. Misers hoard their millions, selfish people spend them on themselves, spend-thrifts waste them; but we, the millionaires of Time itself, can do with our riches deeds that will transform the world. For who can measure the power of a mighty host in whom every single minute is spent in seeking health and knowledge and happiness for ourselves, our homes, our homeland, and the world?

Better than gold is time; better than rubies are the minutes as they pass. They bring us opportunity and power. Time ill-spent will make a rich man poor; minutes wisely used will bring a poor man treasure overflowing. Mr. Rockefeller took care of his pence and gives the world his millions; we, the great multitude of ordinary people, by taking care of the minutes, can lead the world to its Millennium. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



And So Times Change

A LONDON minister has been telling his congregation something about his grandfather's days and his grandfather's ways.

His grandfather, he says, thought it wrong to go for a walk on Sunday, and would have thought it very improper if a man did not wear a white tie on that day.

All the women had bonnets and all the men had frock coats in those days, and he could not think what his grandfather would have said to the jacket of today.

So the world moves, and so times change.

Their Backs to the Wall

SOME people love books because they are the noblest things in the world; some people love books because they make the best furniture; but we cannot quite understand why they love them in a certain palace in Spain, which one of our public men has just been describing. When he visited this great palace he found a quarter of a million books on the shelves, all with their backs to the wall, and the librarian had to wade through miles of shelves to get to the right volume. Libraries are evidently not the strong point of Spain.



British Lion: Where is Androcles?

Another Government effort is to be made to solve the thorny Irish problem. In the old fable Androcles pulled the thorn out of the lion's foot.

[See page five]

In 1920

God Wants the Boys

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God Wants the Girls

God wants the girls, the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace;
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

The King Who Thought He Knew

OUR popular Prince is to join that famous body of wise men which we call the Royal Society. He will make a much better member than that one of his old ancestors who was annoyed because the President of the Royal Society would not contradict the laws of Nature to please his important majesty.

It was George the Third who thought he knew more about science than Benjamin Franklin, and wished the Royal Society to contradict one of Franklin's discoveries. "I cannot alter the laws of Nature," said the President; to which the King replied, "Then you are not fit to be the President of the Royal Society."

We have learned a great deal since this German King of England lost America for us; and the Royal Society, like all the rest of us, will be prouder of its Prince of Wales than of its George the Third.

Tip-Cat

A DAILY paper assures us that the Government has a wonderful record. Perhaps some day it will be put on the gramophone; then we shall hear all about it.

The heat that cannot be felt:
A burning question.

The Kaiser is
to keep ducks.
He was always
a bit of a
quack.

For the man
who sang
"Drink to me
only with thine
eyes": An
eye-glass.



LAH-DI-DAH IN THE PARK
A park is not your private property

Fire-works: Coal-mines.

Sir Shirley Benn hopes to see civilisation advance by leaps and bounds. The leapers may be all right, but we don't expect much from the bounders.

Why did the bell-push?
Because it felt the door knocker.

A baronet, unable to find a house, has been passing his nights at a Turkish bath. It would be a mistake to assume that he has exchanged his baronetcy for a night-hood.

Mr. Churchill is landscape painting. He is determined to put his views before the public.

Obsolete food
tax: The pi-rate.

Lord Lee is said to have thrown a little more light on the coal position. What we want is a little more heat out of it.

The Reason Why

It is said that the telephone has not done very well in Russia, and one of our correspondents writes that he is not surprised, for the "Hullo!" with which all telephone conversations have to begin is in the Russian language Tzikanfitkranjanzski!

Back to Galilee

ONE man did his best to get Back to Galilee. We have it on the authority of the great Prime Minister of France, Clemenceau.

During the Peace Conference in Paris the intimate and constant companion of President Wilson was his old friend Colonel House, and a beautiful story is now told for the first time. It comes into a new book on "The Peace in the Making," by Mr. H. Wilson Harris, who was in Paris at the Conference.

"I like talking to Colonel House," said Clemenceau, "because he is so practical. The President talks like Jesus Christ."

But had more men talked like the President the Conference would have been more practical, and the world would be an infinitely happier place for all the millions of much-tried people whose lives are now so hard.

A Remarkable State Document

The rare spirit of the President is seen also in this striking message, received at the American Embassy in London from Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State at Washington.

This is more than a personal message: it is a State document, one of the most remarkable to be found in official archives anywhere in history.

Christendom celebrates the birth of an Era which gave mankind a divine message of peace and those principles which have been foundation-stones of modern progress and civilisation. Today it is heralded abroad that we have entered upon a new Era of peace, of higher standards, international and national.

It is not a new Era, but the old Era which was brought in by the birth of Jesus, perfected by His teachings and consecrated by His death—the old Era to which we return after a time of madness, of agony, and of evil.

Clothed in the ancient peace proclaimed nineteen centuries ago on the hills of Bethlehem, the world, with conscience awakened by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed, should find renewed hope that Christian principles will triumph, and become the dominant new force of men and nations.

Over Three Continents and Two Oceans

Victory Aeroplane's Last Gasp

Captain Sir Ross Smith and Lieut. Sir Keith Smith, the gallant brothers who have been knighted for flying to Australia, found it easier to fly over three continents and two oceans than to cross Australia.

They flew 1470 miles inland from their landing-place at Port Darwin, and then descended with the crank-arm of their engine broken, and were obliged to leave their plane to be dismantled while they reached the coast by road and rail.

Those who know the dangers of central Australia were becoming anxious for the safety of the travellers, and, indeed, not without cause. They had used up their water supply, when they sighted a party of workmen, who proved to be actually boring for water.

Their danger in crossing the Australian desert has been greatly increased by the rough treatment their machine suffered early in its journey.

The flight has proved that Australia is within flying distance, but at the expense of a great strain.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
What he doesn't
want to know

REMARKABLE ARCTIC DISCOVERY

Tragic Houses Beneath the Snow

THE BURIED IGLOOS AND THEIR TENANTS

Houses which became tombs have yielded up a ghastly secret which it is thought may be centuries old. The houses were those of Eskimos, roughly-built little shelters called igloos, and they have stood, age after age, in the silent Arctic, sheltering dead men's bones.

The story has been brought back to civilisation by Mr. William B. Valin, an intrepid explorer who, at the head of the Wanamaker expedition, has been for two years in the frozen wilderness of the North. Visiting an Eskimo village where these children of the wilds live and flourish today, the American explorers were led to excavate on an adjoining site, and to their astonishment they discovered ancient Eskimo dwellings entirely covered with ice.

Ice as a History Book

Cutting through this ice the party found in the houses a number of bodies clad in reindeer skin, with skins of ducks and other birds joined together.

Eskimos leave no records save such as their dead bodies present, and we cannot know the history of these long-lost houses and their dead tenants. The corpses were frozen in ice, and the discoverers say that apparently the tragic relics had lain in that condition for hundreds of years.

Traditions survive for marvellous periods where there is no writing, when stories are told by father to son, by mother to child, generation after generation. The story of Sir Richard Fro-bisher's house and harbour in the Arctic was kept alive for centuries, until the relics were actually found. Barentz's home in the ice, and the message he wrote, were recovered 278 years after his death.

Mystery of a Frozen Village

But there is no legend to account for this tragedy which Mr. Valin has brought to light. Apparently the little houses were the remnants of an old Eskimo village of the long ago, upon which disaster descended. Perhaps famine or epidemic may have befallen the little host. We shall probably never know.

No examination of the bodies can afford a clue. The remains, so long as ice covered them, defied the effects of death, but when exposed to the air the covering garments fell to pieces, and it was only a number of skeletons that the explorers were able to carry home to Philadelphia.

So another ancient mystery is revealed but unsolved. That a misfortune so old should at last come to light makes us wonder whether even now we may not some day discover Sir John Franklin's grave. His cenotaph is in the Abbey, his body is somewhere in the Arctic, buried where it was laid 72 years ago. There were 134 men with him at the start, but not one survived to tell the tragic story. *Photograph on page 12*

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

These prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of historic interest.

Two Chippendale chairs	£735
A Queen Anne lacquer cabinet	£546
Four Sheraton chairs	£525
A Chippendale settee	£408
Two Chinese plates	£399
A 1654 porringer	£307
A modern copy of Chaucer	£136
Silver ladle of 1717	£75

CONQUEROR OF THE ATLANTIC LEAVES THE WORLD IN THE ZENITH OF HIS FAME

The old proverb is true: Fortune is fickle. And did ever Fortune better merit the rebuke of the familiar proverb than in her treatment of Sir John Alcock?

She let him win the prize of prizes, the imperishable renown of first flying the Atlantic; of passing by aeroplane from continent to continent, from the New World back to the Old; and then she felled him to the earth, dead, while he was on a simple flight in France.

A trifling accident brought down the machine he was flying to a Paris exhibition, and he fell, defeated and doomed, as a novice might.

The bays of the conqueror were still green on his brow when he fell; he died in the full blaze of his glory, with everlasting fame and honour now upon him. At 27 he had crowned the

Magellan perished before the world could applaud, or even know, his crossing of the Pacific. Captain Cook was destined never to return from his greatest triumph of navigation. Nelson gave up his life as his men were huzzahing for his crowning victory of Trafalgar. Franklin conquered the fearful North-West Passage just before the South-West Passage claimed his body for its price. Livingstone died on the scene of his triumphs; Captain Scott and his comrades laid down their lives in the home of snow and ice whose southernmost secret they had found.

Tears of tragedy and the shout of victory—they are close companions. These men who master circumstance and danger acknowledge one poet, in one mood, as their laureate, Sir Walter Scott, who,

WHAT WILL THE PICTURES BE LIKE?



Peter Puck wonders what the new film will be like in the great Kinema of Time

achievements of all the years in which men have sought to fly; he had lived, in a few short years, to know that he had made his name immortal.

One by one new airmen, each more daring or skilful than their predecessors, swim into our ken, extend the horizon of achievement, and pass swiftly to their rest. These men know the probabilities of their career. Sir John Alcock, already an expert when hostilities began, took up war flying when the position was that no man, on the average, survived 50 hours of flying.

But they chose the life and courted the risk, and none more gladly than Alcock, who, until his engine mechanism broke up and let him fall into the hands of the Turks, was the champion long-distance bomber of the world.

He has joined the long, long roll of heroes. The war, and combat with the not less deadly winds of heaven, did not produce a new type of man. The conditions merely gave a new direction to men's thoughts, impulses, and energies. Every age produces rare men who triumph and die in the sunlight of glorious attainment.

when in almost mortal agony, sang out:

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

That is the anthem of the hero. Alcock had his hour, an unparalleled hour. He never could have eclipsed the glory he won over the surface of the wide Atlantic. He went out with his fame at its zenith, and, as they said when Francis Drake died, he "very quietly yielded up his spirit, like a Christian to his Creator."

CURBING A KING'S POWER

Italy has led the nations in taking out of the hands of kings the power of making war and peace. In future only the Parliament of Italy will be able to declare war in the name of the people.

Hitherto, in no country has the Parliament been asked to say, by voting Yes or No, whether its people shall be plunged into war. What Parliaments have done is to vote supplies of money to carry on a war already announced.

The Great War was made by a handful of men without a direct vote by any Parliament. That will not happen again.

A FISH THE SHARK FEARS

Nine Hours' Fight with a Monster of the Deep

QUEER VISITOR TO OUR SHORES

An enormous ray, or devil-fish, was recently caught off the Bahama Islands, and measured something like 16 feet across the flappers.

These creatures are among the monsters of the deep, and sometimes measure 18 feet across, 50 feet round, and weigh half a ton. To catch one is extremely dangerous, for with one swish of its tail it can overturn a boat or kill a man.

The ray is really a skate, and is caught by harpooning and then hauling up out of the water; but if the creature can rush down and bury itself in the sand after being harpooned no power will drag it up. Even to draw one through the water needs ten or twelve men.

Sharks are afraid of the ray, for it can beat a shark to death. Even when wounded in many places the ray will fight for hours, and resist all attempts to haul it on board ship.

Forty Men to Move a Fish

One caught off Jamaica was so big that it took forty men with two lines to drag it along the beach; and another harpooned off New Jersey needed six oxen and 22 men to move it on the shore. This was said to weigh four tons, though no doubt that was an exaggeration, but the battle with it lasted nine hours before it could be killed. The spray lashed up by it rose to a height of over 30 feet.

Another ray caught in Table Bay, South Africa, was dragged on board ship apparently dead. A boy, for a joke, was going to put his finger in its mouth, when another seaman stopped him and inserted a wooden stick, an inch square, between the teeth. Immediately the jaws closed, there was a sharp grinding sound, and the stick was bitten in two.

Even the rays or skates caught in British waters are sometimes of great size, like one that was sold in the fish market at Cambridge. It weighed nearly two hundredweights, and when cooked and served at St. John's College was sufficient to make a meal for 120 persons. *Photograph on page 12*

AVALANCHE ON A TOWN

Exciting Scenes at Davos

ENGLISHWOMAN LOOKS ON UNHURT

After safely weathering winter perils for a hundred years, the famous upland Swiss health resort of Davos has been half wrecked by one of the most remarkable of Alpine avalanches.

From the neighbouring mountains an enormous mass of powdery snow descended a gully, tearing up woods as if they were shrubs. Then the light snow rose in the air, and swept over Davos.

No one could foresee where the flying avalanche would fall. By the picturesque town it broke in two. One part crashed into the lake; the other gigantic snowball rolled over sanatoriums, shops, and houses. Alarmed by the awful noise, the people rushed into the streets, but happily few were killed. An Englishwoman stood close by one of the sanatoriums and watched the snow overwhelm it, but was herself unhurt.

So light was the snow powder that scarcely one outer stone wall gave way; yet in houses that seemed uninjured the inner walls and doors were smashed.

A vast vacuum, caused by the movement of the flying snow mass, travelled behind it, and it was this roaring whirl of emptiness that tore up buildings that escaped the snow. Small wooden structures tumbled like card houses when the vacuum sucked at them. Hundreds of people, buried alive in their rooms, were dug out by rescue parties.

SWITCHBACKS IN THE SKY

Hills and Valleys Above the Clouds

MAKING A CHART OF THE AIR

Captain Ross Smith, in his diary of the Australian flight, tells how his plane fell suddenly for hundreds of feet; and all airmen have long since learned that there are no smooth pathways in the heavens.

There are hills and valleys up above as down below, and what the airman calls an air-hole has now become familiar. It is formed by a strong current of air running downward from the upper sky to the earth, caused by woods, lakes, and rivers.

When an airman sends his machine into one of these downward currents, there is an uncanny feeling of having reached an invisible hole into which the plane is tumbling, and, as some of the "holes" are a mile deep, the effect is somewhat as if a boat were falling over the edge of Niagara.

Flying Through an Air-hole

Happily, the force of the aerial cascade is not so great as that of a waterfall, and in the modern self-steadying machines there is little serious danger when the pilot is an experienced man, keeping at a good height. But air-holes near the ground make landing perilous for the best of airmen, as they have not enough space beneath to recover control of their toppling machines.

It is the same with the bump, a disturbance produced by a strong upward current of air. It hits a machine on the nose and then catches it underneath, giving an abrupt, jerky bump capable of overturning an unhandy plane with an unalert pilot.

Aerial authorities everywhere are mapping out these regular upward and downward air currents.

Already the common cause of the bump is well known. It is produced by patches of warm, open ground, such as ploughlands, short-grassed downs, or bare hills. The earth-warmed air continually ascends from open country, while over cool forests and stretches of water warmed air continually descends.

Air-bumps in the Clouds

There is a useful difference between the downward air-hole and the upward air-bump, for the bump advertises its existence by a warning signal flag. At the top of an ascending fountain of earth-warmed air the upborne moisture condenses on meeting the cold atmosphere of the upper sky, and forms a billowy cloud, each cloud showing the spot where a machine will bump.

In our little patchwork-quilt of an island, with woods, meadows, ploughlands, and downs all mixed together, low flying is dangerous. The higher we are the safer we are, for not only does the air become less bumpy and hollowy at a great height, but there is more room for a gliding descent if the engine stops, and a wider choice of landing-places. What we have to do now is to chart the air as we have charted the sea.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS

A correspondent who, like the Children's Newspaper, believes that man should never unnecessarily hurt dumb creatures, asks us to mention the cheap leaflets (50 for 1s.) published by the "Animals' Friend."

They tell the sad tale of needless animal suffering caused by man, and include one leaflet on Fur Coats, another on The Cost of a Skin, and a third, by Jerome K. Jerome, on Cruel Steel Traps.

We cannot love animals in our hearts and torture them with our hands without being hypocrites.

LITTLE WHEEL THAT GUIDES A SHIP

Invention that Keeps the Compass Right

VALUE OF A CHILD'S TOY

That useful invention the compass is very far from perfect in its action. Sometimes it is misleading and not a true guide. It does not point to true north, but to the magnetic north, which is about 1000 miles westward from the north pole.

Then, too, though the magnetic compass is fairly true on wooden ships, it is uncertain in its action on iron ships, for the ship's own magnetism affects it.

The earth's own magnetism, which sets the compass, is weakened lengthwise by an iron ship when she is travelling north or south, and strengthened from side to side of the ship when she is travelling east and west; and this tendency has to be corrected by placing iron globes right and left of the compass to equalise the magnetic power of the ship.

Ship That Becomes a Magnet

In battleships, which are nearly all iron or steel, the earth's magnetism becomes very faint in working the compass, and in submarines it is so faint as to be useless. The compass may therefore be ineffectual in modern vessels, or even dangerous, leading the navigators wrong unless it is corrected constantly and skilfully, and correction is difficult because the magnetism of a ship which has put the compass wrong is itself a varying quantity.

Also, a compass swings with the swinging of a ship, and the cleverest steersman following his compass cannot, on a calm sea, be sure to within seven degrees on either side that he is holding the bow of his ship on the true course.

It is clear, then, that a safe guide is needed to tell how much the compass is wrong, and also for steering under water where the compass fails to act properly.

Always Pointing True

That invention, called the gyro-compass, has been made, and used in Germany, America, and Britain, in three different ways, each of which succeeds in pointing out the true north, and enabling a ship to steer straight.

The name of the German inventor was Anschütz, the name of the American Sperry, and of the Englishman Sidney Brown; and Mr. Sidney Brown has been lecturing on his new device.

His invention, the Brown gyro-compass, always keeps pointing to the true north, even when you are carrying it about, and it enables a ship to be steered in the heaviest weather with a variation of not more than a degree and a half from the true course as compared with seven degrees' variation by the ordinary magnetic compass.

Big Wheel and Little Wheel

The principle of the gyroscope—the well-known children's toy that is used in the gyro-compass—is that a small revolving wheel, when placed on a larger revolving wheel, and freely suspended, will place its axis parallel to the axis of the larger wheel. The earth itself is a large revolving wheel, turning west and east on an axis north and south. The gyroscope is the smaller wheel, freely suspended, rotating rapidly, and placing its axis parallel to the axis of the larger wheel—that is, north and south.

Mr. Brown has also made a telephone that for two years of war was the only means of communication between aeroplanes and batteries. By this telephone a doctor in London could hear the heartbeats of his patient in the Isle of Wight.

TREES UNDER LONDON

Several trunks of fir trees, about 20 feet long, have been dug up under Shaftesbury Avenue, in London, where they have lain for 200 years. They were bored through the centre and were used as conduits for London's water supply before iron pipes came.

GRANDMOTHER'S PETER PANS

Little Women on the Stage

LIVING THROUGH A FAMOUS BOOK

If only they would exchange their crinolines and chignons for short skirts and pigtaails, the Little Women of yesterday would be wonderfully like the Little Women of today; and we find the March family even more delightful behind the footlights than in Miss Alcott's famous book.

The "Little Women" our mothers loved was the "Peter Pan" of the last generation; but while the Boy Who Would Not Grow Up lives in the realms of fancy, our Little Women are as real and human as ourselves.

The March family is a big family of girls, and a happier family never existed. They are full of life, eager for adventure, but so distinct in their temperaments and ambitions that "Marmee" has no easy task to steer her ship in peaceful waters. But, however much they spar and disagree, there is a wonderful comradeship among them, binding them together. We love them all, and we laugh and cry with them.

Angels of Mercy

When bad news comes we hold our breath in suspense, for comforts beyond their means are needed and there is hardly a penny in the house. But adversity is ever the test of character; and you must go to the play to see how Jo—brave, splendid Jo—disappears and comes back shorn of her glorious hair; how grumpy Aunt March comes in like the east wind and goes out the meekest angel of mercy; and how Mr. Laurie follows fast in her steps, so laden with things for the invalid that you can only catch a glimpse of his beaming face behind them all.

It is a happy little company you will find at this play, now being produced at a London theatre; and the story they tell is a story of life itself—a bewildering mixture of happiness and disappointment, laughter and tears, all so real that we seem to be living it through with them.

The girls grow up before our eyes, and marry and have families, and we follow them with an interest that never flags till the curtain finally falls.

DAYLIGHT KINEMA

A Machine That Works Itself

A new German invention, just exhibited in Berlin, enables cinema shows to take place in broad daylight.

The screen is made of a new kind of material, and the lantern sends its light through a bellows like that of a large camera. The whole apparatus can be packed into a piece of furniture the size of an average wardrobe, and is quite suitable for use in a private house.

But the wonderful thing about this daylight cinema is that it needs no operator. The film is put into the lantern as easily as a record into a gramophone, and the lantern does the rest.

At any point the film can be stopped or started by pressing a button, and it is expected that schools will adopt the apparatus, as the teacher will be able very easily to stop the pictures while emphasising a point in a lesson. The whole outfit will cost about £130.

PORRIDGE FOR A PONY

There is a prize pony at Dapto, New South Wales, which was being fed on porridge when this news left. While it was being prepared for a show the animal reared and fell backwards, accidentally biting off four inches of its tongue. The veterinary surgeon decided that the pony should be fed with porridge from a table spoon until the tongue grew again.

THE BOY IN THE WILSON PICTURES

Rise of a Young Reporter

MILL BOY'S ROAD TO WHITE HOUSE

President Wilson's speeches, though the world has missed them sadly of late, have been among the most uplifting utterances that have ever come to the hearts of men. This is the story of the President's shorthand writer, whose business it has been to give his speeches to the world.

In many photographs of President Wilson speaking there has been noticed the figure of a young man behind the President, with notebook and pencil in hand. This is young Charlie Swem, the President's own reporter, who is responsible for the recording of every word Mr. Wilson says in public.

The story of the rise of this young man—he is even now still a boy in years—must serve as an inspiration to all who aim at success in life. When 16 he was an office boy in a cotton mill at Groverville, and knew nothing of shorthand.

Lad Who Was a Marvel

But he was ambitious, and feeling that shorthand was one of the roads to success, he mastered it in a few months, and was soon writing 150 words a minute. So rapid a writer soon came under the notice of several important men in his city, and one of these, after watching him taking down notes, declared that "This lad is something of a marvel in his line." Yet young Swem had been learning shorthand only four months, after office hours.

Swem then came under the notice of Mr. John R. Gregg, the author of the system of shorthand he had learned, and Mr. Gregg, impressed by this quiet, modest little chap in knickerbockers, "a natural, earnest-looking boy," engaged him in his own offices, where there came the first of those big opportunities which some people call luck.

Writing 268 Words a Minute

Swem entered a shorthand contest, and achieved the almost unheard-of speed of 268 words a minute, and about this time Mr. Wilson, who was making electioneering speeches, required someone to report him. He telephoned to a business college, the college telephoned to Mr. Gregg, and Charlie's great chance came.

Mr. Wilson was much surprised when, in response to his request for a reporter, a mere slip of a lad was sent along. The President is a slave to accuracy and detail, and no doubt felt sorry for the boy who had been selected for such onerous work; but Swem fulfilled the highest expectations, and he earned his reward, for when Mr. Wilson was elected, he appointed Swem official stenographer to the President of the United States of America at a salary of £500 a year.

That is the story of the young man so often seen in the Wilson pictures.

DID THE RAT KNOW?

A Queer True Story

That responsible scientific publication Science Progress opens its columns to a suggestion that a rat may be clever enough to acquire a practical knowledge of chemistry.

An American correspondent in an official department says that in a chemical laboratory a rat carried off a number of half bars of "Ivory" soap, which it conveyed to a sink and devoured. By the sink were some acid containers, on which were labels tinged with acidity.

The soap was alkaline. The rat, in eating the alkaline soap, had made it more palatable by nibbling the slightly acid labels—first a bit of alkaline soap, and then a taste of acid label, the two qualities neutralising each other.

By whatever process of experiment this result was arrived at, the facts are vouched for. The rat mixed its flavours in proper proportions.

STRANGE FIND IN A RAT HOLE

Birds Go to Town

BEETLE LIKE A SUBMARINE

By Our Country Correspondent

It is no uncommon thing, when boards or bricks are removed from wells, to find the mummified remains of a rat.

At Christ's College, Cambridge, some seven or eight years ago, workmen found the remains of four rats which before they died had surrounded themselves with shrouds of paper. When examined, the paper was found to consist of pages from old and valuable books, including one by Caxton, and a vellum deed relating to the College.

There were also some documents dating back to the 16th century, and four playing cards of the same period. It was a very interesting find, and no one can say how long the rats and their shrouds had been there.

Golden-Eyed Duck

The nature concert is growing in volume, and this week we may hear the note of the corn, or common, bunting and the hedge sparrow.

A familiar object on inland waters at this time is the golden-eyed duck, a handsome creature whose wings make a loud whistling sound when it flies. Its grating note is very much like that of the tufted duck. It is an expert diver, and when it comes up from the water with a catch it makes a tremendous splashing with its wings.

In severe weather, when food is scarce, the redwing often makes its way to the towns and finds what it wants in urban gardens, where birds are few and berries more or less plentiful.

Its travelling companion, the fieldfare however, shrinks from going to town, and so, after a spell of hard weather, we shall probably see numbers of fieldfares that have been starved or frozen to death lying about the fields.

A Living Hydroplane

Winter has little effect upon the temperature of water except during hard frosts, and aquarian life goes on much as usual. In these months, when there are few flowers, we may get a good deal of enjoyment out of watching the water boatman in pond or stream. It usually lies on its back and propels itself along beneath the surface, like a submarine, by means of its legs.

When it wants to fly, however, it comes to the surface and rises straight off the water, very much like a hydroplane. It is a greedy creature, and the terror of other small insects, which it seizes with its forelegs, and clasps tightly to its body; then, inserting its proboscis, it sucks the juices until the victim is nothing but skin.

Ferns in Winter

It is also shunned by small fishes; and if we ourselves get bitten by one, we shall know it, for the sharp, smarting pain is very much like the sting of a wasp. The pain, however, soon goes, and no harm is done.

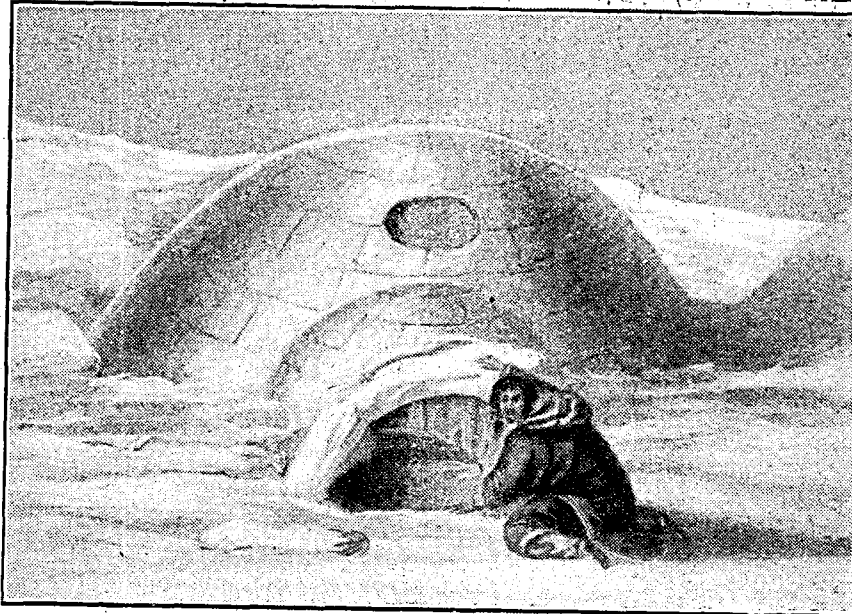
The snowdrop is in blossom, and very beautiful it seems, standing almost alone in the woods and shady places where it grows. Flowers are few just now, but some ferns retain their green fronds, even in mid-January, and may be seen in sheltered nooks in woods and coppices.

One of the hardiest and also one of the finest is the buckler fern, which may even defy the hoar-frost and retain the green fronds. C. R.

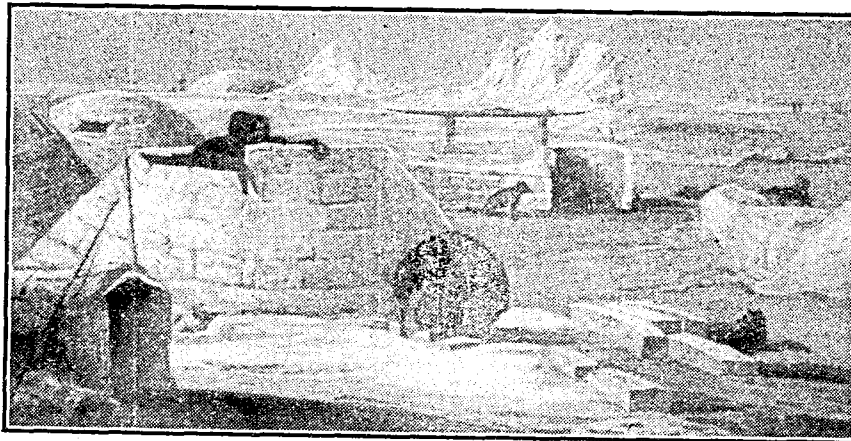
ROBBING US OF OUR TREASURES

There are still five great museums in London largely wasted by being given up to Government officials. The Tate Gallery has 781 officials in it; the National Gallery, 250; the Imperial Institute, 290; the Victoria and Albert Museum, 729; and British Museum, 248.

THE WHITE HOUSES ON TOP OF THE WORLD



The snow house of an Eskimo family in Greenland



Eskimos building their snow houses at the beginning of winter. See page 7

EVE'S LOST APPLE

Workman Breaks a Famous Statue

We may take care of a thing for a thousand years, and a minute may destroy it.

News comes from Rome that a famous statue of Eve, made 450 years ago for the Republic of Venice, has just been restored to its old position after its removal for safety during the war. It was put back without accident, and was safe in its old place, when a passing workman knocked up against the hand holding the apple, and smashed the arm.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from January 11.

Black figures indicate next day.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise	8.5 a.m.	8.4 a.m.	8.1 a.m.
Sunset	4.11 p.m.	4.14 p.m.	4.18 p.m.
Moonrise	11.43 p.m.	12.51 a.m.	3.59 a.m.
Moonset	10.40 a.m.	11.3 a.m.	12.37 p.m.
High Tide	5.53 p.m.	7.17 p.m.	10.42 p.m.

Next
Week's
Moon



NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Clear off all vegetables killed by frost. When the state of the soil will permit, stir the surface between crops of cabbage, lettuce, winter onions, and spinach.

Make new plantations of horse-radish, and dig up a supply and put in sand in case of frost.

Asparagus beds should have a top dressing of well-decomposed manure. Occasionally deciduous trees and shrubs may be planted, and many hardy plants may be divided and replanted.

BOTTLES IN THE SEA

Messages of Two Great Flights

Captain Ross Smith, on his Australian flight, put a message in a bottle and it was picked up in the sea at once.

Hawker did the same on his American flight, but his bottle has been picked up six months after it was dropped.

Hawker's bottle was found at Stavanger, in Norway, and the message in it was: "Adrift, 900 miles east of Cape Race; plane jibbed; come at once."

Happily, Hawker is safe and sound, and will, we hope, enjoy reading this paragraph in his Children's Newspaper.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



La scie Le jardinier Le lac

Le menuisier travaille avec la scie.

Le jardinier travaille au jardin.

Il y a un bateau sur le lac.

PAUVRE CHAT!

Henriette a bon cœur, et le spectacle d'un pauvre chat, miaulant à fendre l'âme devant une porte fermée, la rend toute triste. Elle attend un instant, espérant qu'on entendra les appels de l'animal et qu'on lui ouvrira.

Cependant l'animal miaule toujours. Henriette n'hésite plus. Elle entr'ouvre la porte de la boutique: le chat s'y précipite. Henriette s'éloigne, toute contente de sa bonne action. Mais elle n'a pas fait dix pas qu'elle entend la porte s'ouvrir de nouveau. Il en sort un chat, suivi d'un pied d'homme.

Le chat s'était trompé de porte!

BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE HEAVENS

Wonder of Sirius

COLOSSAL DISTANCES OF SPACE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The most brilliant star in the heavens may now be seen low down in the south-east about 7 or 8 o'clock. It is below, and slightly to the left of, Orion.

This is Sirius, the famous "dog star." Do not mistake him for Jupiter, the resplendent planet shining with a steady lustre away to the left above the eastern horizon. Sirius scintillates very much, and his greenish-white light should make him unmistakable.

His brightness, so far exceeding all other stars, is not due to his size, for he is not nearly so large as some other stars in Orion. His brilliance is due to the fact that he is one of the nearest stars to us; he is, in fact, the nearest of all the starry host above us that we can see at the present time, excepting Jupiter himself. Indeed, there are only three stars in the sky nearer to us than Sirius—one Alpha Centauri, the nearest star of all, which can only be seen in more southern lands; while the other two are much too small to be seen without a telescope.

Judging Distances in Space

The swift flight of light at 186,330 miles a second takes eight and a half years to reach us from Sirius, and barely half an hour from Jupiter where he is now. What a colossal difference! Yet there is nothing that we know between the two as we look from one to the other, or between Sirius and us either. Let us construct a model, and so try to visualise this enormous distance.

First find a grain of sand, a mere speck that can scarcely be seen. This is the Earth. Now find a little ball an inch wide, and place it nine feet two inches away, and we have the Sun in its comparative size and distance from the Earth. A very small dried pea 30 feet to the right of the grain of sand represents Jupiter. Now get another ball two inches wide—that is, double the width of the Sun ball—and this is Sirius, 1,700,000 miles in diameter.

Why the Stars Do Not Meet

Now imagine a long journey of 760 miles, let us say to the south of France. Here our two-inch ball—Sirius—will be at its proper size and distance from our grain of sand, which is the Earth, with our Sun ball nine feet away from it.

This model, with these small sizes and vast distances, give us some idea of the tremendous room there is in space, compared with the size of the worlds speeding through it. And this accounts for the fact that they rarely, if ever, knock against each other, although there are hundreds of millions of them.

In order to complete our model we have to take another one-inch ball, about the same size as that representing our Sun, and place it with the Sirius ball 760 miles away.

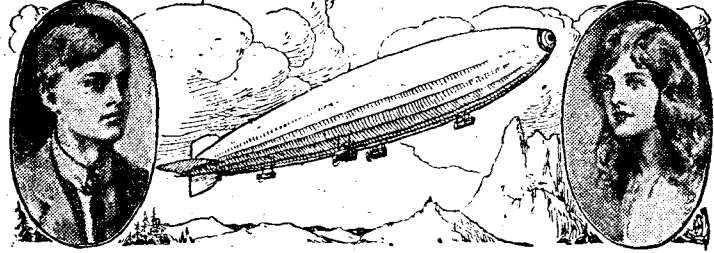
Dog Star's Distant Neighbour

This smaller ball represents the fiery world that revolves round Sirius, sometimes at a distance about 30 times that of the Earth from the Sun, so that in our model it should be placed about 290 feet from the ball representing Sirius. At one part of its orbit, however, it should not be more than 70 or 80 feet away, because its actual distance in space varies from between 800 million and 3000 million miles from Sirius.

This luminous world can be seen by very powerful telescopes, but, though the distance between it and Sirius is so colossal, it appears only a 250th part of the apparent width of the Moon.

Still, astronomers can see this enormous world, as large as our Sun, progressing on its great journey round Sirius, which it completes once in every 50 years. G. F. M.

THE SKY RIDERS



A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

CHAPTER 42

Their New Ally

CYRIL stared at the stranger. "And who are you?" he demanded.

"No friend of that man," replied the other harshly, and he pointed to the building by the lake.

"And how do you know that we are not?" asked Cyril.

The big man gave a short, sharp laugh deep in his throat.

"I happen to have been following you for the last hour," he answered.

"Ah!" said Cyril quietly. "Then you have overheard what we were saying?"

"Exactly," was the dry response. "And may I ask where you come in?" questioned Cyril.

"You may. My name is Tudor Trench. I am interested in antiquities and in big game. I found this place two years ago, and came back here with stores, intending to make a long stay and study these strange remains. I was attacked by Karalek cannibals, my men were killed, and I only got away by the skin of my teeth and the free use of this"—he tapped his heavy rifle as he spoke. "And here I have been for more than a month, living like a rat in a hole."

He scowled as he spoke, and his voice was very bitter.

By this time Cyril felt quite sure that their new acquaintance was genuine.

"If you will take us to your 'hole,'" he said, "we will tell you how we come to be here. And if you can add to your kindness by giving us something to eat we shall both be tremendously grateful."

The other smiled grimly.

"Oh, I have plenty of food!" he answered. "That's one thing they can't cut me out of. This way." He turned as he spoke, and went off through the trees.

Cyril and Tim followed. Cyril wondering how on earth their new friend had managed to subsist with Kent on one side and the cannibals on the other.

The trees grew thicker; the path led a little up-hill. It ended quite suddenly in a sheer face of rock.

The big man turned.

"Can you climb?" he asked briefly.

"Like a squirrel, if there's dinner at the end of it," answered Tim.

"Cold roast meat, biscuit and fruit," was the answer. "Come on, then, but be careful to follow exactly where I go. It's not dangerous, but it's awkward."

Seizing a tough creeper he swung himself to a ledge a few feet up, and began to climb. The ledge, hardly more than a foot wide, zigzagged up through masses of creepers and thick, stiff bushes.

"Awkward!" muttered Tim. "I wonder what he'd call really hard?"

Luckily, it was not very long. They were only about fifty feet up when their guide, swinging himself around a knob of jutting rock, vanished into a hole in the cliff face.

Following him, the boys found themselves in a short tunnel, through which they had to creep on hands and knees. Cyril, who was leading, saw light ahead, and all of a sudden found himself in a cave the size of a large room, and lighted

from above by a wide opening running slanting out to the rock face. The place was furnished with a camp bed, a folding table and chair, and one packing case.

"This is my rat-hole," said their host. "Sit down. You'll have to sit on the floor. Here's meat"—he took a large cold joint from under a grass-woven mat. "Biscuits are in the packing case. Here are plantains and wild guavas."

"Sure, I'd have climbed farther to fare worse," said Tim, as he set to on the cold meat and biscuits. "Tis an elegant joint this, sorr, but what animal would it be from?"

"It's hippo beef," answered the other, and smiled again. It was a nice smile, Cyril decided, and gave their host's harsh, saddle-tanned face quite a pleasant expression.

Cyril, too, set to work on the beef, which was excellent, but, hungry as he was, he was too anxious to hear about things to remain silent.

"What puzzles me, sir," he said, "is how you escaped the cannibals when you first came here."

"There weren't any," was the surprising answer. "They have come since, and, if you ask me, it was this man with the airship who imported them. He is hand-in-glove with the brutes."

Cyril's eyes widened. He could hardly believe his ears.

"He brought them? Kent brought them?" he gasped.

CHAPTER 43

A Council of War

TRENCH paused, with a banana half-way to his mouth.

"That is my deliberate opinion," he said. "They belong to a race which lives on the edge of the great forest three hundred miles south of this. How this man you call Kent got them here I do not pretend to explain, but the fact remains that they were not here two years ago."

"Was he here?"

"No, but he had been here. I found traces of recent occupation in the Phoenician palace. I presume he had reached the spot by aeroplane or dirigible, and, finding it suited to his purpose, had begun to prepare for its occupation. No doubt he collected the Karaleks as watch-dogs."

"But they are cannibals. Why didn't they eat him?"

Mr. Trench shrugged his broad shoulders.

"This man knows more than a little about Africa and its natives. He talks their language better than I do. He has bargained with them in some way."

"Now," he added, "be good enough to tell me what you know about this fellow, and what you have had to do with him; it surprises me to find two youngsters like yourselves after him."

"Oh, we are only scouts—Tim and I," replied Cyril modestly. "My father and the rest of our party are camped to the west of the mountain, where the river runs out. The reason we are after Kent is that he has stolen Stella Earle, who is the niece of Mortimer Carne."

"The ironmaster?" put in Mr. Trench quickly.

"Yes."

"A bad man to cross," said the explorer; "but go on."

So Cyril told the whole story—how Kent had stolen the model of Mr. Hamer's airship, built his ship somewhere on the Continent, then come back and kidnapped Stella. He told of his abominable threat to hand Stella over to the savages if the ransom were not paid, of how the Avenger had been built with Carne's money, and the hunt across the desert to reach, at last, the Mountain of Death.

"So you see, sir," ended Cyril, "it was jolly good luck for us meeting you, for if we hadn't I don't know what we should have done."

The big man brought his palm down with a crash upon his knee.

"Upon my word," he said, "I think the luck is on my side. You are lads after my own heart, and between the three of us I think we may do something to drive this scoundrel into a corner."

He paused.

"Now tell me," he said presently, "what arrangements have you made for communicating with your people and the airship?"

Cyril's face fell.

"That's the trouble, sir. We were to have been back at the foot of the mountain not later than this evening. The men who came with us left stores for us under a rock, and a wireless installation. We were to call the airship up if we needed her, or, if we thought better, our aeroplane. You see, we were only to scout. We never reckoned on those cannibal brutes."

"Just so. And now we seem to be cut off completely," said the explorer. "Yes, it is an awkward business, for even I—well as I know the valley—would not care to risk climbing out of it. As a matter of fact, these Karaleks keep a pretty close eye on me."

"Why don't they come down and attack you—that's what I've been wondering?" said Cyril.

The big man put a hand into the pocket of his Norfolk jacket and took out a long, heavy cartridge. "Four five five," he said, holding it up between finger and thumb; "hollow nose. Knock a hole as big as my fist through three men at once. I used six of these the last time they tried to raid me, and the hyenas had a feast that night. I don't think they will try it again in a hurry."

"Deed, then, I wish ye'd been able to use sixty," said Tim. "It's clanner the place wud be if the last one o' them sharp-toothed vermin was fed to the wild bastes."

"I quite agree with you, my young friend," answered Mr. Trench. "But the question before us now is how to deal with this scoundrel Kent. Has either of you any suggestions to make?"

CHAPTER 44

Up Against It!

THERE was silence for some moments while the three looked at one another—a silence that was suddenly broken by a harsh clattering noise.

Like a flash Cyril was on his feet, and hurrying down the tunnel which gave access to the lake. The others followed.

Cyril was at the mouth. He was pointing out in the direction of the lake. "Kent's engines," he explained quickly. "He must be going off on another trip. I wonder if he has heard of us from the Karaleks, and is going to look for us?"

"Quite likely," said Mr. Trench quietly, "but as you say your airship is camouflaged, he will hardly be likely to find her. And as for yourselves, hidden here as you are, you need hardly be nervous about discovery."

Tim broke in breathlessly.

"But if he goes out, isn't it our chance he's giving us? Why wouldn't we be paying him a visit while he's away?"

Mr. Trench laughed deep in his throat.

"A bit of a bull, Tim, but I quite see your point. I presume Kent will need most of his men to navigate his craft, and it certainly seems

a good opportunity to make a raid on his stronghold. The difficulty is the wire which, I believe, is electrified. And I have no insulating gloves or cutters."

"Why wouldn't we swim around the end of it?" suggested Tim. "Sure, we'll get round some way or another."

"I don't know about swimming. There are queer beasts in the lake. But we'll have a try, anyhow," said Mr. Trench quietly. "First, however, let us be sure that the fellow is really off, and not just trying out his engines."

They had not long to wait. In about a quarter of an hour the airship floated smoothly up above the trees, and sailed away westwards down the lake.

"He's on our thrack right enough," said Tim, seriously.

"Don't you worry, Tim," replied Cyril. "He'll never find the Avenger, and even if he did the plane will be ready to tackle him. Jove, I hope they get him!"

"I wonder if he's got Miss Stella aboard?" said Tim.

"Not likely. The chances are she's hidden somewhere in that old palace this minute. What a sell for Kent if we could only find her and get her out."

"You've that barbed wire to tackle first, my son," said Mr. Trench drily. "Come back and sit down. We can't start till dusk, and that's another hour yet."

The boys were desperately impatient, and that hour dragged horribly. But it passed at last, and there was no sign of Kent's return. The sun had set and the short dusk was deepening over the broad lake as the three clambered down the steep rock face, and presently found themselves safe in the forest below.

Mr. Trench led the way. For all his bulk he moved as quietly as a panther among the towering tree trunks. The night life of the forest was awake—frogs croaked, crickets shrilled, and out on the lake heavy splashes told of great fish feeding.

Presently they were out in the open space among the newly-cut tree stumps. They paused, but there was no light from the great gloomy building which squatted on its tilted shelf by the lake.

"Go quietly," said Trench, in a whisper. "We don't want to run into that wire. We may start some electric alarm. I fancy Master Kent has gone the whole hog in the matter of protecting himself."

They crept on very cautiously until Trench, who was leading, stopped.

"Here's the wire," he whispered. "Wait now."

He took out a hunting knife, wrapped the handle in an old silk handkerchief and stretched out his arm towards the wire. There was a sharp crackle, and a blue flash snapped out into the darkness.

"I feared it," growled the big man in his throat. "The wire is electrified. We can't touch it without insulators, and we have nothing of the sort. What is to be done?"

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is a Sinecure? A sinecure is a paid office with no duties to perform.

What is a Writ of Certiorari? A writ of certiorari is an order issued by a superior court of law demanding the record of a trial in a lower court, so that it may be reviewed. It is sometimes granted when a person claims that he has not received justice in the inferior court. Certiorari is Latin, and means "to be made more certain."

What is Scotland Yard? Scotland Yard is the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, and is so named because the headquarters formerly stood on the site of a palace of the Kings of Scotland.

Five-Minute Story

THE BEACON

LUIGI's hut was perched on a rock like the eyrie of some great eagle.

It was a wooden hut raised from the ground, and wild mountain flowers climbed round its rude pillars. His two goats, Bibi and Carlotta, sheltered beneath it at night-time, or when the sun was hot at midday.

All round the hut were the mountains, great snow-covered peaks that Luigi had climbed and crossed many a time when he was the most popular guide in the neighbourhood, and before he slipped and broke his thigh so terribly that never again would he lead travellers up among those giant mountain peaks.

Below him was the valley. He could see the little houses clustering in the sunshine, and he could hear the church bell ringing on still days.

But not for all the world would the old guide have left his mountain home.

Once a week a little boy climbed up from the valley and brought him food.

The old man was too lame to walk, and all day he sat outside his hut, talking to his goats and carving rough little wooden animals.

Sometimes old patrons climbed up from the valley and bought them, and sometimes his old friends came, too, and carried them away for sale in the shops.

The money they brought was all he had, and while he carved away at them all day, he would look wistfully to the great mountain passes, where travellers climbed with other guides up among the dazzling snows.

Sometimes bold mountaineers went alone, and then Luigi watched with anxious eyes for their return.

One day, when the climbing season was nearly over and Luigi was more lonely than ever, he saw a black speck lying motionless on the mountain-side in the distance—evidently a climber, injured and alone.

Luigi, knowing the terrible danger if the man were not soon rescued, filled his pockets with restoratives and tried to reach him; but the task was hopeless and time passed.

He tried to call, but his voice only echoed in the valley. And then the old, lame guide had an idea. He dragged his bench to the edge of the rocky crag and piled upon it all the little wooden figures he had carved so industriously; then he set his beacon alight.

"Old Luigi is in trouble!" cried the valley folk; and they hurried up the mountain path.

The injured traveller was carried safely to Luigi's hut, and there restored to health. And when he left, Luigi, who had sacrificed his only treasures to save him, was not such a poor old man as before, and sang gaily as he carved his little wooden goats.



Merry be the First and Merry be the Last



D! MERRYMAN

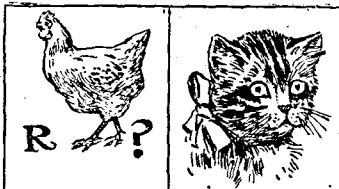
"WHAT would you do if you woke up one morning to find that you had inherited a million pounds?"

"I'd turn over, and try to dream it again."

Nonsense Verse

SING for the garish eye,
When moonless brandlings
cling.
Let the froddering crooner cry,
And the braddled sapster sing.
For never, and never again,
Will the tottering beechlings play,
For bratticed wrackers are singing
aloud,
And the throngers croon in May.

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and girl's name. Do you know what they are? Solutions next week

A Simple Sum

BEFORE a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five, and five
in rear;
One fifth of eight subjoin, and then
You'll quickly find what conquers
men.

Answer next week

WHY are sentries like day and night?
Because when one comes the
other goes.

Is Your Name Jeffries?

ALL the names like Jeffery,
Jefferies, and so on, are
variations of Geoffrey, which be-
came a surname after the Crusades,
when many men returned who had
fought under renowned royal leaders
named Geoffrey. The word Geoffrey
means God's peace.

Treason

TREASON does never prosper;
what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare
call it treason!

Can You Find Another?

THE great statesman Canning,
being asked if he could find a
rhyme to the name Juliana, im-
mediately said:

Walking in the shady grove
With my Juliana,
For lozenges I gave my love
Ipecacuanha.

FRENCH PROFESSOR: "Ah, yes,
mademoiselle, you speak ze
French wizout ze least accent."
English Girl: "Do I really?"
French Professor: "Oh, yes;
zat ees, wizout ze least French
accent."

Be Merry

IN half the affairs of this busy
life—
As on a day I said to my wife—
Our troubles come from trying to
put
The left-hand shoe on the right-
hand foot.

"So you are going in for film
acting? You expect to be-
come a second Mary Pickford, I
suppose?"

"Oh! no. I merely want to
learn to write as they do on the
films when they have a letter to
send. Shorthand is nothing to it
for speed."

Tongue Twister

THE critical cricket critic of
Cricklewood criticised the
cricket critic's criticism at Crickieth.

The Girl of Baroda

THERE once was a girl of Baroda
Who liked every perfume they
showed her.
Through faulty routine,
They despatched paraffin,
Which wasn't the odour they owed
her.

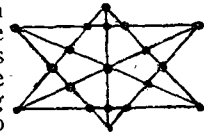
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Orderly Orchard

The nineteen
trees were
planted as
shown in the
accompanying
diagram, so
as to make
nine rows with five trees in each.

Can You Count?

There were three ducks.



Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to
find their parents. They are joined by Moses, a gipsy boy,
and later lose Rags, a dog they had found.

CHAPTER 14

"DON'T snivel," said Moses.

"I'm not," cried Hoity indignantly.

"But she is," said Moses. "I know that dog Rags. He'll
take care of himself; and see if he don't find us again."

This comforted Molly, and she and Hoity followed Moses
over a style and along a footpath in the field beyond.

It was a long walk, and when at last they reached the en-
campment it was nearly dark.

There were four large caravans in a field and some waggons,
and in the middle of them a glowing fire on the ground.



Aunt Sarah asked a lot of questions, and seemed pleasant and kind

"There's Uncle George," exclaimed Moses, and took them
up to a large, good-humoured man who sat by the fire smoking.

"Hullo!" he greeted them cheerfully. "What are you
after, and who's your friends?"

Moses explained. He said Hoity and Molly wanted to get
to London, and hoped to meet their father and mother there,
and if they did not would go on to Africa. Uncle George asked
questions, and seemed doubtful, but was ready to oblige.

"Well, I told yer father I'd take you to help with the
horses," he said, "but your friends—" He turned to Hoity.

"What can you do?"

"Compound division," Hoity told him.

"What's that?" Uncle George was puzzled. "Conjuring?"

"It's sums," answered Hoity.

Uncle George shook his head. "One o' my performers has
left. If you could walk on yer hands, or tie yerself in knots—"

"He can help shout outside the show," Moses struck in,
"and—her name's Molly—she could help take the money."

"We'll see about it in the morning," said Uncle George.

"Everybody's in bed, because we're off for London at daybreak."

"Has the giant gone to bed?" inquired Molly.

"Eustace? Yes. And the merry-go-round and the tent's
in the waggons, all ready packed. There's room for you,
Moses, and your friend Hoity in No. 2 with me and Morgan,
and Miss Molly can sleep with your aunt and Daisy in No. 3."

He went to No. 3 caravan and fetched a stout woman, who
was Moses' Aunt Sarah. She asked a lot of questions, and
seemed pleasant and kind.

"Daisy's fast asleep, and I was having a bite of supper,"
she said. "You come and have some with me, and you can
have the extra bed next to Daisy's."

More of Hoity Toity next week



Mrs. Jacko caught sight of his grinning face

Jacko Plays Bow-Wow

MOTHER JACKO was sitting over the fire reading the paper.
The dog strolled in, yawned, stretched himself leisurely,
and rolled over on the hearthrug by his mistress's feet.

"Come out of it!" cried Jacko.

But his mother said, "Don't speak so unkindly to him. He
hasn't hurt me!" And she put out her hand and patted him.

"Humph!" muttered Jacko. "If I had come plump on her
corns like that I should never have heard the end of it."

As he said the words he sat up and began grinning. He
looked across at his mother. She was busy with her paper,
but every now and again she put out her hand to stroke the
dog, and said: "Good dog! Good, faithful old doggie!"

Jacko, watching his opportunity, got up very quietly, and
enticed the dog away. Then he wriggled under the hearthrug,
crept up close to his mother's chair, and waited.

Out came the hand again, and it fell on Jacko's head.

"Good dog!" said Mother Jacko, with a kindly pat. And
Jacko nearly died of suppressed giggles. The next time the
hand came down he put out his tongue and licked it!

"Nice affectionate old thing!" said Mrs. Jacko, still intent
on her paper. And Jacko stuffed a bit of the rug into his
mouth, and painfully, but silently, choked.

By the time he recovered, the hand came down again. He
opened his mouth, and—bit it!

"Bad dog!" cried his mother, dropping her paper and
looking up. Then she caught sight of Jacko's grinning face.

But Jacko, shrieking with glee, rushed out of the room.

Who Was He?

The Gallant General

A HUNDRED years or more ago
it was the practice for
youths to go into the Army much
earlier than they do now. When,
therefore, the young son of a
Scottish doctor became an officer
in a foot regiment at 15 it was not
considered at all extraordinary.

From a tiny boy his great
hobby had been playing at sol-
diers; and his father, writing
about him when he was thirteen,
said, "He is always operating in
the field, and showing me how
Geneva can be taken."

Promotion in the Army was
rapid, and when he became a cap-
tain and paymaster, realising
that he knew nothing of accounts,
he obtained leave, and entered
an office in Glasgow to gain
some experience in finance and
book-keeping.

He first saw actual warfare in
America, where he barely escaped
capture; and on his return
home he entered Parliament.
Then he fought the French in
Corsica and Egypt, and was badly
wounded near Alexandria. After
recovery he instituted a saner
method of drill in the British
Army, which abolished the ridi-
culous postures and movements
formerly in vogue.

When the French threatened to
invade England, the officer, who
had now reached the rank of
general, was given command of
troops on the coast of Kent,
where he met the great Pitt, and
often went riding with him.

He was next sent to Sweden to
help the king there, but that
foolish and vainglorious mon-
arch had such ridiculous schemes
of conquest, that the general had
to refuse to assist in them, and,
being detained by the royal
orders, he escaped in the dis-
guise of a peasant, and took his
troops back to England.

Some years before he had re-
ceived the honour of knighthood,
and he was now given an im-
portant command with the British
troops in Spain and Portugal.

The French, who had taken
Madrid, gathered a great army
to overwhelm the British, who
had to retreat, though terribly
exhausted. Thanks to the brav-
ery and skill of the general, they
succeeded in reaching a port;
but the ships that should have
been waiting had not arrived,
and a fierce battle was fought
which might have resulted in
defeat had not the gallant general
again and again rallied his men.

In one of these rallies he was
struck by a cannon-ball, and al-
though he kept
his horse for a
time, he died
within a few
hours, and was
buried near the
battlefield at
night, the scene
being immortal-
ised by a famous
poem that is read in schools today.

Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Robert Fulton



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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PICTURES FOR THE BLIND · ARCTIC DISCOVERER · A STUPENDOUS FISH



He plugged a leaky boat with his body, as told last week. See page four



Shakespeare in school—The boys of Kilburn Grammar School acting in Love's Labour's Lost, which they did with all the skill of grown-up actors



James Ivett, the Runcorn school-boy, who saved a drowning child



Blind man making pictures for the blind—These are punched out on steel plates, and copies in raised dots are then impressed on paper



William B. Valin, the American explorer who has just returned from the Arctic regions, where he dug through the ice and found an Eskimo snow village with the frozen inhabitants, who had been buried for hundreds of years. See page seven



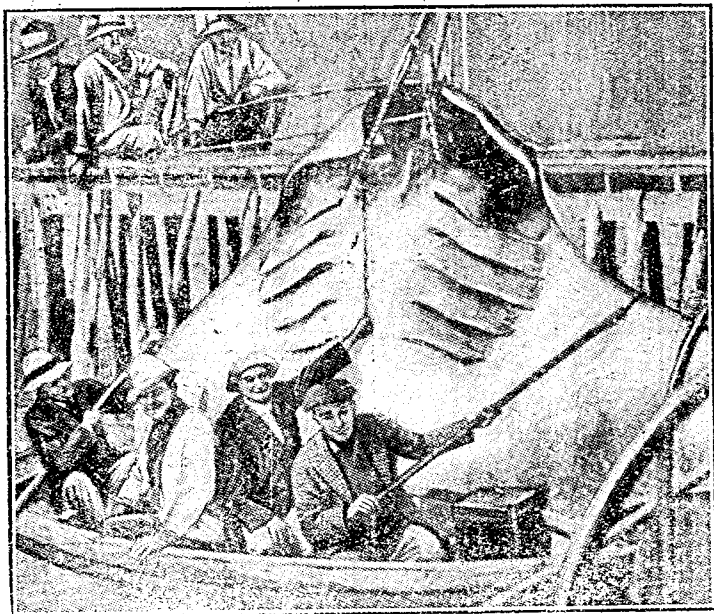
The carp in the Roman bath at Bath which feeds from the keeper's hand, as described recently in this paper



A model of his house made by a blind organist, Mr. Broan of Fulham, and the actual house, which he has never seen



All Baba, acted by children for the films—Morgiana heats the oil to pour on the forty thieves



Fish weighing half a ton—A monster ray caught off the Bahama Islands. See page seven



Sir John Alcock, who was killed in France. See page seven



Playing while mother shops—A children's waiting room in a great London store, where fairy tales are told by the lady in charge